BRISTOL IS BUCKS COUNTY'S METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE Is the Leading Paper of BRISTOL

VOL. XXII. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895 NO. 52

Love by Postage Stamps.

(Written for the Gazette.)

If in the upper left hand corner,
I place the stamp quite upside down,
It means, "I love you more than any
Any other girl in town."
* * *
If the stamp is at right angles,
In the right hand corner, then of thee
I'd ask a question. Tell me asking
And answer truly, "lov'st thou me?"
* * *
And if I wish to tell you this
"You need not write me any more."
I'd use the lower left hand corner,
Where you've not seen a stamp before.
* * *
If my feeling is but "Friendship,"
Thus I'd tell this fact to you;
I'd use the upper right hand corner,
And place the stamp exact and true.
* * *
And if I'd tell you that "I hate you"
Again you'd find the stamp placed there,
But upside down and in the corner,
Pasted with minutest care.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Zig-Zag Fishing Club authorize us to offer a large print copy of Shakespere's works in eight volumes as a prize for the best original fish story received before the first of September next. The manuscript can be sent to the club, post office box 161, or if left at the GAZETTE office will be placed at the disposal of the club. All stories submitted will become the property of the club.

—Any person sending to this office the names of two new subscribers, and two dollars, will receive the paper free for one year,—three copies of the paper one year for two dollars.

—Moonligh drives are in order.

The Pokanoket is taking big excursions down the river these days.

—A trolley road between Bristol and Doylestown would have done a big business on Monday.

—The A. M. E. Sunday School will make its 4th annual excursion to College Park, next Thursday.

—The Tullytown M. E. Sunday School will hold its annual pic-nic in Ridge's woods, on next Thursday.

—It is rumored that Charles Steel will leave Bristol in the near future and take charge of a mill in Philadelphia.

—Over fifty former Democrats were in the Bristol delegation that went to the Republican convention on last Monday.

—Edward T. Steel & Co. are laying a trolley along their mill on Lafayette street to facilitate the unloading of freight from the siding.

—There will be the regular communion service for the first Sunday in the month in St. James' Church at 10.30 next Sunday morning.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, August 1st, 1895: Miss Lettie Lenahan, Mrs. Mary Melbourne, Mrs. M. Barclay, Mrs. Mary L. Woodson.

—An old-fashioned quarterly meeting will be held in the Wood Street A. M. E. Church next Sunday morning, commencing at 9 o'clock. Eminent speakers will be on hand all day. All are invited.

—Fish Warden Jonathan S. Wright has been given the contract for building the Pennsylvania state shad hatchery on Walter Laing's property along the river front above Bristol, and will commence operations in a few days. This is the only shad hatchery building in Pennsylvania.

—Bristol has a Zig-Zag Fishing Club. It is inferred that the name was suggested by a member returning from a fishing excursion minus fish and with his "bait" flask empty. Many anglers who don't belong to the Zig-Zag Fishing Club sometimes walk that way when the "bait" is favorable.—Norristown Herald.

—During the month of July there were nineteen deaths in the borough of Bristol from the following causes: Marasmus 4, inanition 2, and one each from pernicious fever, meningitis, cholera infantum, railroad accident, gastritis, congestive chill, Addison's disease, nervous prostration, cyanosis, chronic cystitis, old age, phthisis, and consumption. Nine of the deaths were of children of one year of age and under. For the corresponding month last year there were twenty-one deaths.

—The delegation of 400 or more people that went from Bristol to the Doylestown convention on Monday was unanimously in favor of Mr. Gilkeson being the next State Chairman of the Republican State Committee. As each ward was polled before the assembling of the convention in the afternoon there was not a dissenting vote cast against the Hastings and Gilkeson candidates for State delegates. This remarkable unanimity must be especially gratifying to Mr. Gilkeson, when the herculean efforts made by Senator Quay and his friends to create a division at his home are considered.

—Mr. Henry Fitzgerald, of New York city, an anatomical freak who can dislocate every joint of each limb of his body and bring into prominence a number of the muscles in different parts of his body, gave an exhibition of his powers at the office of Dr. H. Pursell on last Saturday afternoon, in the presence of a number of the medical fraternity of this borough, who were soon convinced that Mr. Fitgerald's claims were fully substantiated. Mr. Fitzgerald had certificates from a large number of the leading surgeons of the United States, and claims to have visited every medical institution in the United States, Canada, and a number in Europe. He is a native of Harrisburg, this state, and is 44 years of age.

—The death of Miss Rebecca Slack, of Bristol, occurred on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., at her late residence on Radcliffe street. Miss Slack has been a sufferer from heart disease for the past two years and has for the most part of that time been confined to the house. Her death was as calm and peaceful as her life had been. She was one of those noble, Christian characters, whose highest aim in life was to do good for others. She was, until the last few years of her invalidism, an untiring worker in the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. Her death has cast a gloom over many a household where her words of cheer and sympathy have brightened the burdens of life. The funeral services, which were largely attended, were held at her late home at eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning. The interment, which was private, was at Trenton, N. J.

Personal Mention.

Miss Ellen Vanuxem is at Rye Beach, N. Y.

Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Wilson have returned from Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Martin and children are at Rancocas, N. J.

George Hughes is combining business and pleasure at Baltimore, Md.

Miss Ella Mathias, of Chalfont, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Groff.

W. P. Wettling, of Indiana, Pa., is visiting his brother, Lewis C. Wettling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Leedom have returned from a short sojourn at Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lawrence are spending a couple of weeks at Atlantic City.

Deputy Revenue Collector James Jarrett was in Bristol Friday on official business.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burton, of Tullytown, are spending a few weeks at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Lewis J. Bevan left Bristol this morning for a month's sojourn at Ocean Grove.

Mrs. Samuel Black has returned from a three week's visit to friends in Quakertown and vicinity.

Miss Lillian Shields is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Hendrickson, at Lawrenceville, N. J.

Ed. H. Phillips has left Bristol and will make his future home with his uncle, Wm. I. Phillips, of Boston, Mass.

Misses Anna and Kate Phillips left Bristol this morning for a ten day's sojourn at Far Rockaway, Long Island.

Mrs. George F. Tyler spent several days in Bristol during the past week, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Young.

Mrs. Edward Trego, of Doylestown, who has been the guest of Mrs. Bromley Wharton for several weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. Mary J. Silbert has returned home after spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Gould, at Beach Haven, N. J.

Miss Shields, of Lafayette, Ind., who has been visiting in Bristol for several weeks, the guest of Rev. Dr. E. P. Shields, left for home on Tuesday.

Mrs. John C. Stuckert and daughters left Bristol this morning for a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ralph, at Camp Hill, Montgomery Co.

Benjamin Rawlings, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Sandersville, Ga., accompanied by his wife and neice, paid a few days visit to Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Groff. Their stay was shortened here by the unexpected death of Mr. Rawling's partner, necessitating Mr. Rawlings immediate return home.

Methodist Twilight Service.

One of the most successful and entertaining services of the Twilight series was held on Sunday evening last. In accordance with the announcement in last week's edition, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Forrest E. Dager, Vice President of Temple College and Pastor of Emmanuel Reformed Episcopalian Church, of Kensington, Philadelphia.

His discourse was the finest and most intellectual that has yet been delivered. The divisions of his subject and accompanying illustrations were meritorious productions of a refined and scholarly mind and reflect credit and praiseworthy commendation upon him whom God has so bountifully and copiously endowed with a brilliant, active and polished brain. The attendance was over 300.

Just before the close of the service the pastor, Rev. C. H. Rorer delivered a brief exhortation and although of an extemporaneous character was greatly enjoyed and highly commended. His appropriate themes and beautiful applications are unquestionable products of an educated and cultured understanding.

The singing by the choir was of a highly creditable and appreciative character. A solo by Mrs. Rev. C. H. Rorer was exquisitely rendered and deservingly admired. The meeting was in charge of Mr. Harry Daniels, a teacher in the Sabbath School, who performed the trying duties of the position in his usual able and efficient manner.

Commencing with next Sunday evening and continuing for one month, the Twilight service will be held from 7 to 8 o'clock and thus made to take the place of the regular church service. The lawn will be illuminated with electric lights. On next Sabbath evening the meeting will be addressed by Mr. James Rogers, a local preacher of Trenton, N. J., and Rev. C. H. Rorer, the local pastor. Should the weather at any time during the month be too inclement or unpropitious for outdoor service the meeting will be held in the Church. X. Y. Z.

OBITUARY.

"The spirit meek, and yet by pain unshaken,
The faith, the love, the lofty constancy,
Guide us where these are with our loved one flown;
They were of Thee, and Thou hast claimed Thine own."

In reviewing a long and intimate acquaintance with Miss Rebecca Slack, I am convinced in the impression that she was a type of the most beautiful Christian character I ever met. As a student and teacher of the Bible she was incomparable. Her daily life and practice were visible tokens of the religious element, the spirit that pervaded, that ruled and governed every thought, word and deed. The lustre of such a life does not end with her earthly sojourn; it leaves a radiance that time cannot dim or erase from the memory of all who knew her, and serves as a beacon for all to revere and imitate. Her presence and companionship, while with us on earth, and the remembrance of them, seem like a benediction. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." A.

Mrs. Tacy Hellings, widow of the late Jonathan Hellings, died at the residence of her daughter Mrs. Elizabeth Linton, at Langhorne, on Sunday, in the 84th year of her age.

Samuel Hulme, formerly a resident of Bristol township and a well known and much respected citizen of this county, died at his residence, 2030 Ontario Street, Philadelphia, on last Saturday evening, in the 77th year of his age.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

Monday was a big day for the Republicans of Bucks county, and the residents of Doylestown were surprised by the largest County Convention ever held there. The day was a perfect one and the opposing forces of the State Administration and the followers of Senator Quay brought out their full strength. Districts which ordinarily send only five or six persons were represented by fifty or more; every district was represented and the streets were thronged with people.

The big surprise of the day was the arrival of the Bristol delegation. About ten o'clock the special excursion train in three sections arrived at the Doylestown station, bringing to the convention about 1000 men. Preceded by the Bristol band they marched up the hill, four abreast into the heart of the town. Each man wore a large red badge having a portrait of General Hasting's and the words "Hastings and Gilkeson" thereon. The procession was led by the Hon. B. F. Gilkeson. Other trains which arrived earlier had brought large delegations from other sections of the county.

The court house bell at 11 o'clock was the signal for calling the convention together. A few minutes later county Chairman John C. Swartley called the convention to order and George W. McIntosh read the call.

Harry W. Wilkinson, of Solebury, was nominated and unanimously chosen permanent chairman of the convention. Mr. Wilkinson's appearance was greeted with applause and he said there was no need of telling them what they were here for, the main thing was to get through with the business in harmony.

George W. McIntosh, of Doylestown borough, and Wesley Haldeman, of Plumstead, were elected secretaries.

Upon the roll of districts being called all of the 70 were found to be represented.

The next business was the nomination of delegates, when the following were named:

Robert M. Yardley, of Doylestown borough.
Joseph R. Comly, of Yardley.
Dr C D. Fretz, of Sellersville.
Elias Weaver, of Richlandtown.
William W. Hall, of Plumstead.
Walter R. Johnson, of Bensalem.
Henry G. Fell, of Buckingham.
John Townsend, of Plumstead.

The districts were then called and the time and place of meeting of the delegations named.

It was moved and seconded that a committee of 15 be appointed on resolutions.

Walter R. Johnson announced that the regular ticket for the Administration could be secured of him by the chairmen of the delegations.

The ticket as printed was Dr. C. D. Fretz, Henry G. Fell, Walter R. Johnson and Robert M. Yardley, the latter for delegate-at-large.

The following ticket was put out by anti-Gilkeson adherents: Joseph R. Comly, William W. Hall, Elias Weaver and John Townsend, delegate-at-large.

Chairman Wilkinson announced the following committee on resolution: A. S. Cadwallader, Yardley; Charles S. Balderston, Solebury; T. Howard Atkinson, Buckingham; John Hart, Doylestown township; Thomas J. Janney, Middletown; W. H. H. Fine, Bristol; W. Y. Cadwallader, Yardley; William H. Woolery, Upper Makefield; C. N. Creesman, of Sellersville; H. B. Eastburn, of Doylestown borough; W. H. Kunzman, of Cressman; John S. Blair, of Bensalem; Washington Cadwallader, of Warrington; Dr. J. N. Richards, of Falls, Upper; John N. Rulon, of Northampton.

The committee on resolutions announced to meet in the arbitration room at 12 o'clock.

The convention adjourned at 11.45 to meet at 2 o'clock

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention was called to order at 2 o'clock, when the ballots from the different districts were received.

A. S. Cadwallader, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, then arose and read the following resolutions, which were adopted:

THE RESOLUTIONS.

We, the Republicans of Bucks county, in annual convention assembled, reaffirm our adherence to the immortal principles of the Republican party. We contemplate with pride its great achievements in the past, in the cause of human liberty, and cherish as sacred the memories of the patriots and statesmen who first led it to victory. With a firm faith in its destiny we look forward with confidence to its triumphant return to power in the nation.

We denounce as unpatriotic and incapable the present Democratic Administration at Washington, under which our flag has been dishonored and our national credit impaired. We rejoice in the signs of returning confidence in the business world, the result of the fact that in the 54th Congress the Democratic party will be in the minority.

We cordially endorse the patriotic administration of Governor Daniel H. Hastings, who, at the last election, by an unparalleled majority, was called to the most exalted station in the State, and who, by his lofty purpose and fearless discharge of duty, has fully met the demands of his high office and justified the confidence of the people of Pennsylvania. We approve the course in the last session of the Legislature of our Senators and Representatives, Messrs. Moyer, Rice, Funk and Patterson, who have faithfully served the interests of their county and the State, and we especially commend their earnest support of the apportionment bills, thereby recognizing the imperative mandate of the Constitution.

We cordially endorse the candidacy of Hon. B. F. Gilkeson for the Chairmanship of the State Committee, and hereby instruct the delegates to the State Convention this day chosen, to give him their earnest and unswerving support. By his brilliant conduct of recent campaigns, which have resulted unprecedented majorities in Pennsylvania, he has shown conspicuous fitness for the place.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE.

The next business in order was the counting of the votes, which resulted in 146 for Gilkeson and 10 for Quay.

Robert M. Yardley appeared before the convention and stated that the vote of Upper Makefield had been recorded for Quay, and asked the Chairman to state what the vote was.

Dr. H. M. Griffee, of Taylorsville, chairman of the district, and a Quay delegate, said the count had resulted in 31 votes for Gilkeson and 29 for Quay. It was then corrected accordingly.

Hon. B. F. Gilkeson, being called upon, responded with a few remarks, and the Convention then adjourned.

SECRET SOCIETY NEWS AND NOTES.

Golden Eagle Entertainment and Public Installation.

On Tuesday evening, Mohican Hall was the scene of a memorable time for the members of Bristol Castle, No. 409, K. G. E., and their many friends. It was the occasion of the first anniversary of the lodge and the public installation of their officers by a visiting team of eleven members of the Grand Lodge from Philadelphia. The hall was so crowded that the ceremony could not be done as satisfactorily as the members desired.

The evening's entertainment began with the lodge's opening exercises, given to show the friends of the members the beautiful workings of the order.

The officers elected were then duly installed by the following visiting team: P. G. C., J. B. Trotter; G. C., Davis Casselberry; G. V. C., J. D. Cram, M. D.; G. H. P., Chas. H. Webster; G. M. of R., Wm. F. Flowers; G. K. of E., Mahlon Richards; G. W. B., Harry L. Duffin; G. Ensign, H. C. Foster; G. Esquire, George Amies; G. F. G., George Leninger; G. L. G., Wm. Byron.

After the newly installed officers were congratulated by the Grand Chief, the regular programme of the entertainment was taken up as follows:

Address,	Dr. J. S Cram
Recitation,	Davis Casselberry
Parody on Barbara Freitshe, (encore),	Mahlon Richards
Bass Solo—Becky Miller,	Mahlon Richards
Recitation,	Miss Jennie Flower
Vocal Solo—The Polish Boy,	Harry L. Daffin
Recitation,	Dr. J. S. Cram
Vocal Solo,	Harry L. Daffin

After the conclusion of the entertainment a motion that a vote of thanks be tendered P. G Casselberry and team was responded to by Bro. Casselberry.

While refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were being served, a few funny songs were sung by a member of the team. The evening's entertainment closed with the regular closing exercises of the Castle.

—About 22 members of the Guards of the Jr. O. U. A. M., will go to Parkland on August 5th, to attend the annual picnic of the Junior Order American Mechanics of this State held there. There will be sports of all kinds and a competitive drill for a fine silk flag to be presented to the winning company by the State Chancellor. The Bristol Guards will not participate in the drill.

—There will be a grand reunion of all the Knights of the Golden Eagle at Funks Park, Chalfont, Pa., on Tuesday, August 27th. The Quakertown band will be in attendance. There will be baseball and other sports and dancing. An excellent orchestra from Philadelphia will furnish the music.

A ZIG-ZAGGER'S PROTEST.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I take the liberty of writing this letter to you and request you to publish it in your paper.

I was very much surprised to hear that a political organization from Bristol used the name of an organization which is strictly non-partisan; namely, the Zig-Zag Club. I have been reliably informed that the Gilkeson adherents had their railroad tickets issued in the name of the "Zig-Zag" Club. Now, as a member of the Zig-Zag Fishing Club, having the interests of that organization at heart, I protest against this unwarranted use of our hallowed name. I presume you know that we have had the name copyrighted and that any person using our name without our permission is not entitled to catch fish any where in this commonwealth. If this matter is allowed to go without protest from us our organization is bound to suffer, as it will appear that the Zig-Zag Club is a Gilkeson organization, a republican organization. Now this is not true. I have seen the President, Secretary and Chief Fisher and they are unanimous in the indignation they feel that the name of our honored organization should be thus used. Like beer and music, politics and fishing won't mix.

The indignation among the members of the Zig-Zag Fishing Club is so great that a meeting will be called in the near future to consider what action is to be taken and as to who is the proper party to bring suit against, whether the Republican party of Bucks county, or the Reading Railroad.

Knowing that your esteemed paper has published our proceedings in the past and feeling sure you will give this protest room in your next issue, I have the honor, sir, to remain, Very sincerely yours,

UMSLOPOGAS BYLES.

Melon-Choly Tramps.

Special freight train No. 143, loaded with fruit and melons from the South for New York City, was boarded and broken into below Bristol on Tuesday evening by about seventy tramps, who very nearly run the train to suit themselves, the crew of the train being powerless to eject them, on account of the great number of Coxey's disciples. They succeeded in breaking into a car loaded with water-melons and helped themselves bountifully to the watery fruit.

On the train reaching the signal station at South Bristol word was telegraphed ahead to have a squad of police at the depot by 7.55 and make all the arrests possible of the offenders. Officers Wilkinson and Tice responded to the call and after firing two or three gun shots in the air to scare them succeeded in capturing five of their number, the balance escaping across the meadows adjoining the track. The five of the gang captured were brought before 'Squire Booz on Wednesday morning, upon the charge of petty larceny and trespassing upon the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.

The 'Squire held them in $300 bail each, in default of which they were escorted to Doylestown and lodged in the county jail to await trial at the next term of court.

—Beautiful out-door costumes from Parisian models will be given in great variety during the next few weeks. It is too early to indicate autumn fashions, except in very general terms; but hints of the coming season will appear in the August numbers of Harper's Bazar. An article on "Early Autumn Fashions for Men" will interest the sterner sex. A charming play for amateurs, entitled "Piazza Life," by Alice Ruth Carter, will be published in the Bazar early in August.

—The GAZETTE is for sale at Jones' News Agency, next to the post-office.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ZIG-ZAG FISHING CLUB STORIES.

WHIRLPOOL WIGGLES'S TALE.

The Autocrat of the Boarding House.

"There," said the retired captain, as he placed his knife and fork on his plate and leaned back in his chair at the head of the star boarder table, "this is by far the choicest beef I've eaten for many a day."

"Yes, and on Friday, too," said Mr. Parleure Suite. "What can my lady mean? for this is fish day."

"Stop! sir," cried the stentorian voice of the captain, "If you had been wrecked, storm-driven and starved as I have in my time, you would not mention the name of fish, sir. Yes, sir, as a nautical man, I know all about fish," he added frowningly to the right, and giving Parleure Suite the benefit of weather-beaten features. "Succulency has been granted to beef and to beef only, and to mention a cold-blooded, narrow-minded fish in the same atmosphere and breath as beef deserves the full censure of all humanity. Fish! Umph! Fish! Why I have lived with them, on them, and in them; and now in my old days, when I would settle down to monotonous existence, in hopes of shunning all former excitement, trials, triumphs and pleasures, I find to my disgust that even the newspapers of the day have traduced ink and paper commenting on fish and fishermen."

"Say, do you read the GAZETTE?" asked Mr. Jractical Poker.

"That's my business," gruffly returned the captain.

"O!—of course it is," said the Jractical Poker. "But lately the queerest things are coming to light. The very idea of a man catching red fins and then putting them in rinse-water and swearing and attesting that they not only attained the solidity, savour and flavor of, but were really and truly blue fish, is something entirely too ridiculous and absurd for comprehension."

"Granted," said the captain, with a compassionate look at his fellow-boarder. "If people now-a-days were not in touch with current topics what a credulous world we would have. Do you know, sirs, that although I never speak of my past, for in a great measure one's present proclaims it. Nor is fishing a hobby of mine, simply because a business is hardly a hobby, and whaling was my business as you all know. But no one ever saw the fish that I saw that lived to tell the tale."

"O! tell us all about it," cried the Jractical Poker and Parleure Suite and others in chorus.

"Well," said the captain, as he bore forcible energy on the pie crust, "it was this way. Far back in the twenties, I was a lad in my teens on my first voyage out and the youngest on board 'The Good Return'—Captain Bentley commanding; Billows, Paulten, Thirsford, first, second and third officers, respectively. We had had stiff breezes for ten days, but no luck otherwise, and Billows, who was leaning over the lee rail, said to the captain, who was also in pensive mood, 'Looks bad, Cap'in, forty days out er Bedford, and seen nary a spout. We'll be inter ther Arctic fust thing yer know.' This only seemed to increase the captain's abstractedness, for he moved away without saying a word, and Billows was silent too, and although I had lots of questions to ask somehow I kept silent also. When all of a sudden, as if by magic, a big dark rock seemed to rise to the west of us and the lookout cried 'There she blows.' At once everything was in commotion, and the captain offered a prize to the first boat over and another to the first harpoon, and for that reason and because I was light, yet strong, Billows caught me up, and placing me on a seat, told me to keep stroke with the man next to me, and then down we went to the water, and I never saw anything but a brawny back and heard the puff and grunt of the rowers. Our boat got first harpoon and then one by one till he looked like a porcupine in quills. The whale lay their as motionless as if he were dead. One by one the hands jumped out on his under lip and tried to crawl on top, but it was no go, he was too big. Then they tried cutting foot holes with their axes, but you might just as well have tried to cut dried locust. The axes bounced back, making no incision whatever. Then Billows said 'This be an old un. Look at his grey whiskers and his bald head. Yessirree, old and tough."

"But how did the harpoons stick in him," asked Haul Rheum, a boarder that seldom spoke.

"What harpoons?" replied the captain. "I never said a word about harpoons. Axes, sir, axes. Then over came the captain's gig and said why don't you proceed to business, and then when he found out the matter and the truth concerning he scratched his head and said 'Boys, if you are on the out and can't work in, then you must get in and work out.' But every venture seemed to fail for, gentlemen, that whale just floated there as tranquil as the sea itself. Then the ship's doctor spoke up and said 'Captain, this whale is ossified, in fact been dead for centuries, and his sudden uprising can only be explained by some volcanic concussion renting asunder some subterranean cave or passage in which he has lain in quietude for years.'

"Of course this all lent awe to the situation, for of all classes the sailor is the most superstitious. But with me it was different. I was young, had much to learn and much more to see; and then and there a sudden desire to explore came over me, and not thinking of consequences I asked a fellow-mate to give me a boost, which really amounted to a toss, for up in the air I went, then down, down, till I landed right on the monster's head. Then, without stopping for advice or parlance, I actually let myself down one of the nostrils, landing eventually in his throat, which, to my surprise, was large and roomy, not at all like the throat of average whales, which have very small ones.

"Now, gentlemen, one of the many weaknesses of mankind is the desiring to do that which his neighbor cannot. This feeling, combined with the thought and subtle fascination that I was walking 'where mortal foot had ne'er or rarely been,' filled me with keenest delight, and I assure you that it was with no feeling of timidity, but rather with the assured step of a conqueror that I traversed the dimensions of this mammal. Hardly had I gained entrance to the abdomen when, to my surprise, I found a sandal, and on casting my eyes still further saw a small iron bedstead, such as are used in our prisons of to-day. On the walls of mucous membrane, carelessly scrawled in lead pencil, were these words

IN FER TREE DAYS.
JONA.

"Gentlemen, can you imagine my surprise? So completely was I taken back that I fainted. On coming to, the realization of the condition that surrounded me threw me once more into unconsciousness, and I lay, or must have lain, in that condition for some time. The hardest of all to bear was the thought of Jonah's illiteracy. To think of a man becoming a historical character and *not knowing how to spell his own name.* Gentlemen, this was terrible to me—nauseating. In fact, I had now as great a desire for getting away as I had before for exploring. So grasping the sandal, which, to my surprise, was hobnailed, and which proved to my satisfaction had given rise to a stomach cough on the part of the whale which no doubt led to the inmate's expulsion, I journeyed back to the outer world and my shipmates. On hearing my tale of discovery and viewing the sandal as proof of its truthfulness, they rowed away like all possessed, reached the vessel, hoisted sails, steered due North, only to seek a watery grave the third night following, in which all hands were lost, excepting myself. I floated throughout the storm on the cook's cabin of the for'ard mess and landed home four years after, having in the meantime been picked up and taken on a compulsory voyage to the East Indies. But in all my experiences as a sea-faring man, gentlemen, I never beheld a larger fish than the one of which I have just spoken."

"Well," said Jractical Poker, "Captain, your's has been a most remarkable adventure, and its promulgation will prove a great boon to the theological and scientific institutions of the day. Now as a landsman I'm not supposed to know much concerning fish, yet, gentlemen, I know of a fish so large that numbers upon numbers of people daily gain a sustenance from him and yet he is large enough to provide the same for years to come."

"What?" cried the captain. "Do I understand you to say he has formed part of the diet of the people for years and will still continue to do so?"

"I do," replied Jractical Poker.

"Trying to outdo the captain," said Parleure Suite.

"Not in the least," said Jractical Poker. "The fish I have in mind, sirs, is the sucker in our public pump," and he smilingly left the table.

"Ha, ha, Captain, quite a fish story, hey?" said Haul Rheum.

"Not half as fishy," mournfully interposed the landlady, "as the stories he tells me concerning his back board bill."

WHIRLPOOL WIGGLES.

Three Rich Pennsylvania Counties.

The people of Lancaster county, and for that matter the people of the whole State, have occasion to feel proud of the establishment of Lancaster's claim to the garden spot of the continent by the census of 1890. The six leading counties of the United States in the value of their agricultural products rank as follows:

1.	Lancaster county, Pa.	$7,657,790
2.	St. Lawrence county, N. Y.	6,054,160
3.	Chester county, Pa.	5,863,800
4.	Worcester county, Mass.	5,489,430
5.	Bucks county, Pa.	5,411,370
6.	Colusa county, Cal.	5,357,350

It will be observed that three of the first six counties are Lancaster, Chester and Bucks counties of Pennsylvania and that no other State has more than one county on the list.

The Lancaster "New Era" presents some figures which increased the agricultural supremacy of these three southeastern counties of Pennsylvania. The second county in the list, St. Lawrence county, New York, is three times as large as Lancaster, as is also the sixth county in rank, Colusa county, California. The products of both these counties are much less diversified than are Lancaster's. The farms of St. Lawrence county, New York, are worth only about half as much as those of Lancaster and her farm products get their greatest value from dairy products. The product of wheat in St. Lawrence county is about one-tenth that of Lancaster. The chief product of Colusa county on the other hand, is wheat, her product being twice that of Lancaster's although her farm land is worth only a fourth of that of the Pennsylvania county.

The agricultural superiority of the three Pennsylvania counties is due to the Quakers and Germans, Quakers in Chester county, Germans in Lancaster, and both Quakers and Germans in Bucks. — Philadelphia Inquirer.

—A new Ohio idea is for a number of farmers to form a colony and purchase a large slice of agricultural and fruit land in one of the Southern States. They divide up the land and when it is in suitable shape occupy it with their families. This method of moving and taking old neighbors along has much to recommend it.

$2.50 for the Round Trip up the Hudson.

One day excursions every Thursday in August, via Pennsylvania Railroad. Special train leaves Bristol at 7.44 A. M. Delightful scenery. Excellent music.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 31, 1895.—A good story is told by the boys in blue who have returned from Camp Dechert. The story is at the expense of one of the members of the City Troop, the swellest organization of the National Guard, composed, as it is, of young men of the blue-blooded families of Philadelphia. One of the troopers had, as the saying is, "played it" on a young Philadelphian some years ago, and the offended man awaited his opportunity to get even. The chance came at Camp Dechert, for the changes of time had elevated one of the pair to a position upon the Governor's staff with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, while the other remained among the cavalrymen of the troop. One day the Lieutenant-Colonel chanced to be riding by the City Troop headquarters when he espied his old acquaintance acting as orderly. "Here's my chance," thought the officer, and dismounting he ordered the orderly to hold his horse. Obedience is one of the first duties of a soldier, and so the orderly complied and the officer disappeared. It was a scorching hot day, and for an hour and a half the orderly smothered in the blazing sun, holding on to the bridle. When the officer re-appeared the meekest man in Camp Dechert was the orderly.

***

One thing which may hasten the adoption of free trade in this country is the overdoing of protection. Protection to certain industries by imposing a duty upon imports is no longer considered sufficient, and the clamor goes up for a bounty upon exports. The Farmers' Alliance and the Grangers, many of whom are pronounced free traders, are raising their voices for a bounty of this kind upon agricultural products. Their sincerity may well be questioned, for it may be that they want to make the principle of protection so obnoxious that there will be a popular uprising for free trade. The liquor laws of New York furnish a good example of this. Excise laws were enacted strictly prohibiting the sale of liquors on Sunday. To the people of New York city this law seems a great hardship, and its rigid enforcement may lead to such a sweeping repeal that the liquor traffic may be left without restraint. On the same line the free traders want to make protection so objectionable that all protective laws will be repealed.

In furtherance of this project the free traders have allied themselves with the shipbuilders, and under a plea of common interest they propose to advocate the payment of a bounty to the owners of American-built ships engaged in foreign trade if the shipbuilders will endeavor to have a bounty paid upon exports of agricultural products. The party of protection will need to be extremely cautious lest it be misled by its enemies. F. D. M.

Exterminating Carp.

A dispatch from Burlington says: The remarkable multiplicity of German carp within the past few years has proven a detriment to all other food fish with which the Delaware river at this place was once well supplied.

The carp have been feeding on the small fishes until now fishing with the rod and line is a pain rather than a pleasure.

With a view of exterminating the destructive carp Fish Commissioner Wm. G. Wise has granted special permits to several of the local fishermen to capture them in nets.

The first haul was made on Wednesday of last week by William, John and Henry Vansciver, Ruel Borden, George Sisom and George Laumaster, who brought in 400 pounds. Another haul was made Friday, and 1400 pounds of carp was the gratifying result.

The nets are run at high tide along the flats where the carp are feeding on the spawn of other fish, deposited among the candocks. When the tide recedes the fish run back to deeper water and are caught in the net.

Up the Hudson.

On August 8, 15, 22, and 29 the Pennsylvania Railroad will run excursions to the "Upper Hudson," under personal escort. Special train will leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.00 A. M., stopping at principal intermediate points between Philadelphia and Trenton.

A stop of one and a half hours is made at West Point, to enable excursionists to view the world-renowned United States Military Academy; Newburgh, of Revolutionary fame, may also be visited during the forty-five minutes' stay at that point.

Tickets will be sold at the following round-trip rates: From Philadelphia, Bristol, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Philadelphia (Market Street Wharf), Florence, and intermediate stations, $2.50; Bordentown, $2.25; Trenton, $2.00.

At Germantown Junction connection will be made with regular trains from Chestnut Hill Branch, and at Trenton with 6.10 A. M. train from Philadelphia (Market Street Wharf) via Camden. Connection will also be made at Frankford with 6.50 A. M. train from Kensington.

Up the Hudson via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Every Thursday in August. Round trip rate, $2.50. Special train leaves Bristol at 7.44 A. M. Excellent music. Delightful scenery.

Five Girls at a Birth.

A despatch from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, says: Mrs. Alexander Campbell, of Montague, gave birth to five daughters on Sunday. Her husband is a tailor in his 84th year.

—At the GAZETTE job office a large stock of envelopes, cards, bill heads, statements, are kept on hand and everything in the printing line executed without unnecessary delay.

—Copper wires are used for Mexican telegraph lines, so that they will hold the weight of the birds and monkeys that crowd them at night.

—Ex-Governor Pattison has been chosen president of the Security Trust Company, of Philadelphia, which began with a capital of $500,000.

—The skeleton of an average whale is said to weigh no less than fifty thousand pounds.



ABSOLUTELY PURE
THE OLD RELIABLE
SWEET CAPORAL
CIGARETTE
Has stood the Test of Time
MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

Pretty Lincoln Park.

The management of that great resort, Lincoln Park, do not draw a line at expense when the pleasure of their patrons is the question. As a consequence they have concluded to give two of those grand fireworks displays every week, on Wednesday and Saturday nights. These displays are given by Pain, of New York, which is an assurance that you are missing a good thing if you don't see them.

The beautiful fairyland illumination on Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights is the admiration of every one who has seen it. As they emerge from the boats and start up to the ground there bursts upon their view 10,000 fairy lamps in all the colors of the rainbow. Here, there and everywhere over the grounds are the pretty designs that go to make the illumination so entrancing. Trees and lawns are a blaze of light, and one walks on wondering if anything could be more beautiful. It is a treat to all lovers of music to sit for a time in the shady grove listening to the excellent selections, both classical and popular, as rendered by Wannemacher's Military Band. None are disappointed in this direction, for under Mr. Wannemacher's management it is acknowledged that the band is surpassed by none.

Steamers run hourly from Race and Christian streets, Philadelphia.

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

The P. R. R. Co.'s Big Order For Rails.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company on Tuesday placed an additional order for 9000 tons of steel rails at $24 per ton, which makes a total of 56,000 tons recently ordered. The order will build about eighty miles of track. This new lot is principally intended for the new bridge over the Delaware River and for the approaches and the new connecting line and sidings in New Jersey from the bridge to the main line. It is also intended for renewals and for new tracks on the main line.

A Paradox.

If you are going west of Chicago, to any point in any of the western States—write to JOHN R. POTT, District Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Rrilway, Williamsport, Pa., tell him where you want to go to, how many in the party, if you will have any freight to ship, and he will save you money, by giving you the lowest rates and the quickest time.

Say, Boy, what time does that eight o'clock train leave? I dunno—'bout sixty minutes past seven I b'lieve. Why don't you git a Rand-McNally Guide?

One Day on the Upper Hudson.

Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad every Thursday in August. Round trip rate, $2.50. Special train leaves Bristol at 7.44 A. M.

Absconded.

A small girl, 10 years old, dressed in a blue mother hubbard and no bonnet. Send information of her whereabouts, or return her to 356 Lafayette Street, Bristol, Pa. Or Christian Association Rooms, 533 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Wanted.

A good German teacher to give private lessons in the evening. Apply to GAZETTE OFFICE, Bristol, Pa.

For Sale.

A Gunning Skiff, (almost new), in good condition, light running and steady. Price, including push pole and oars, only $10. Inquire of DORON GREEN, Otter Street, Bristol, Pa.

For Rent.

Desirable nine room brick house, with bath, heater, electric light and gas, drainage. Low rent. Apply at 7-25-8t 212 Jefferson Avenue.

—Watson P. Magill, a prominent resident of Solebury township, died on Friday after a lingering illness, aged 67 years.

—Some of the condors shot in the Andes mountain have a spread of wing from fifteen to twenty feet.

—During the last four years 26,000 persons in France have put an end to their own lives.

—A whale when struck by a harpoon can not swim faster than nine miles an hour.

MARRIED.

HETHERINGTON—KATES.—On evening of July 27, 1895 at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bristol, Pa., by Rev. Charles H. Rorer, Mr. William C. Hetherington to Miss Sadie R. Kates, both of Bristol, Pa.

STROUSE—BESSONETT.—On Wednesday evening, July 31, 1895, at the home of the bride, Washington Street, Bristol, Pa., by Rev. Charles H. Rorer, Mr. George W. Strouse to Miss Annie Bessonett, both of Bristol, Pa.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE® NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 1 1895.

THE HUMAN SWARM.

BISHOP POTTER AMONG NEW YORK'S TEEMING EAST SIDE SLUMS.

How He Passes the Time—Serving For a Tired Out Rector—Sweltering There When Even the Bowery Is Comfortable.

When the Rev. F. R. Bateman, rector of the Cathedral mission at 130 Stanton street, far over on the east side, was preaching his regular Thursday sermon one evening several weeks ago, there entered and seated himself on one of the benches in the rear of the dimly lighted, unpapered, bare walled little room a man erect in figure and kindly in countenance. The congregation of neatly but cheaply clothed men and women glanced curiously at the unknown visitor, but Mr Bateman was too engrossed in expounding the gospel to notice him.

It was not until the service was near an end that the preacher observed the late comer, who was leaning forward in an attitude of profound attention. Then his face flushed with pride as he recognized the figure of Bishop Potter. The distinguished head of the New York diocese smiled quietly at the rector's surprise, made his way to the platform and spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement to the congregation and shook all their hands as they left the mission at the close of his remarks.

"I have come to ask you about your plans for a vacation," then the bishop confided to Mr. Bateman. "When do you expect to start away for a season of rest from your arduous labors in the mission?"

Mr. Bateman confessed that he could see little chance of his leaving the east side even for a brief period, as there was constant need for the presence of a minister in the mission, and no substitute had offered to accept the position.

"Prepare to leave on July 10," was the bishop's quick response. "I will relieve you for a month, taking up my residence here and performing all the duties which devolve upon the rector. There, do not remonstrate," as the hard worked clergyman shook his head in emphatic refusal of the unexpected announcement, "my mind is fully made up. The experience is my earnest desire. It may be a good example to the clergy of the diocese, and I shall exert every effort to make it fruitful of good to the neighborhood."

No easy task is this self appointed one of Bishop Potter's, ministering to the poor and sick in the most densely populated square mile in the entire world. Three hundred and fifty thousand persons inhabit that area there, and nowhere in the neighborhood are the quarters more crowded and wretched than in the immediate vicinity of the mission, between Essex and Norfolk streets. The tenements swarm from cellar to garret with half clothed, half starved children, sickly babes, white faced, forlorn mothers and despairing fathers. The heat is terrific and suffocating, and few venture from choice out into the full strength of the sun's rays.

It is in these teeming tenements that Bishop Potter will pass much of his time. He will administer the communion and the rite of baptism, attend to the wants of the sick and suffering and marry and bury whenever there is a call for his services. The mission is a long established and dearly cherished institution of the slums, and a constant stream of persons flows to it and into the comforting presence of the rector in charge. The bishop's office hours are from 8 to 10 o'clock, both in the morning and the evening. He will spend the intervals in traveling about the neighborhood and in assisting in the daily meetings for service.

His living apartments comprise three rooms, small and plain—a sitting room, a bedroom and a bathroom. His meals are served from the Community House around the corner. The fare is substantial, but plain to a degree which must have surprised the bishop on first introduction.

It is a tedious walk and a hot, disagreeable ride from Broadway or the Bowery to the mission. The bishop will doubtless have few visitors who do not live near his seat of labor. It is as well. He has no time and no inclination to entertain. The demands of unfortunate humanity are difficult to meet. His two secretaries are in Europe for the summer, and Sexton C. L. Richardson will be his only constant companion. They will be the only occupants of the mission building at night within call of each other in case of need. From the single window in the bishop's bedroom he will be able to look directly into the tenements on all sides where fire escapes and roof do summer bed duty.

The bishop was surrounded by a squad of chattering youngsters when I saw him in his room in the mission. "We are making this east side work the mission of the cathedral which is to crown the heights of Morningside park," he said. "We must not think of the cathedral as a magnificent building in which the church liturgy is to be rendered with all the accessories of a dignified ceremonial. It is rather the heart of the missionary endeavor, which ministers to high and low and rich and poor alike—an endeavor which finds its inspiration and power of continuance in worship. We intend to make it a place for the masses, like St. Paul's of London.

"We shall soon have more mission houses like this among the Russian and Polish Hebrews and Germans of the east side and expect to have many workers in this field alone. The missionary work outside the parishes we hope to bring into one system, to be controlled by the cathedral."

Bishop Potter will preach twice on Sundays and once on Thursday evenings and is president of the Sunday school in the Rev. Mr. Bateman's absence. He will also have oversight of the kitchen garden, the Helping Hand society, the mothers' meeting, the pastor's class, the boys' club, the sewing school, the kindergarten, the fresh air work, the gymnasium, the men's club, the relief department, the Girls' Friendly society and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The last organization is composed of young men who do daily missionary work in that quarter.—New York Herald.

Story of a Man In London.

An exchange paper tells a story of a man in London who determined to spend all he made during the first year in advertising. He soon found that it was impossible, for the simple reason that the more he advertised the more he made, and after a strenuous effort to get rid of his money in advertising he had to give it up. If you don't believe it, try it.—Charleston Mercury.

A Chinese Funeral.

A Chinese funeral is always attended by very ceremonious worship of the gods and by many devices intended to deceive the devil. It is well known that the devil is waiting in the street before the house to carry off the dead man's soul, which is believed to attend the funeral, so when the procession marches out great quantities of evil smelling fireworks and crackers are let off, and while the devil is coughing and sneezing and trying to get the smoke out of his eyes the bearers of the bier start up the street on a lively trot, turn a corner and stop until more fireworks are burned. The devil cannot easily turn a corner, so goes on ahead to get rid of the fireworks. The procession then makes another start and by frequently turning and stopping and confusing the devil with the fireworks generally succeeds in deceiving him as to the direction taken and reaches the graveyard without him.

A CATECHISM FOR REPUBLICANS.

What is a "hog?"

A Republican who doesn't spell his soul with a Q.

What is the "hog combine?"

All who are united in defense of the Republican state administration.

Who calls them this?

The Philadelphia Inquirer.

What is it so mad about?

It was lately compelled by process of law to refund to the state some $14,000 taken from the public treasury in excessive charges for public advertising obtained by bribery.

Where is the proof of this?

... court and of the supreme court.

Is it a "hog?"

Oh, no. Though it squealed on its accomplice in that job and turned informer in the hope of escaping punishment.

What was David Martin six months ago?

"The Republican leader of Philadelphia," Senator Quay's most intimate political friend.

What is he now?

One of the "hogs."

How did it happen?

He refused to nominate Penrose for mayor of Philadelphia.

Who ordered him to do so?

Senator Quay.

Where does Quay live?

In the borough of Beaver, at the other end of the state.

Who objected to Penrose for mayor of Philadelphia?

Members of the Citizens' Municipal League (of Philadelphia), the Women's Civic club (of Philadelphia), the Christian Endeavor societies (of Philadelphia) and the pulpit (of Philadelphia), without regard to creed.

When a Republican leader recognized the protest of decency and supports a candidate in accordance with it what is it called?

It is "making war on Senator Quay."

Is it part of the duty of a United States senator to appoint the mayor of Philadelphia?

It is not.

Has David Martin ever tried to dictate the burgess of Beaver?

Never.

In all else that David Martin did as a Republican leader, except his refusal to defy decent public sentiment and force the nomination of Penrose, had Senator Quay any fault to find with him?

Never a word.

By the way, what Republican majority did Philadelphia give under Martin's leadership at the last state election?

80,000.

What did Allegheny county give under Magee's leadership?

40,000

What did the state give?

240,000.

Who had charge of the campaign?

State Chairman B. F. Gilkeson.

Should Republicans punish leadership which wins majorities like these?

Senator Quay orders that it shall be done.

How did Governor Hastings get into the "hog combine?"

By having the largest majority ever given to any candidate in any state.

How did he "make war on Senator Quay?"

By appointing Quay men to every place in his cabinet and every important office within his gift.

How did Senator Quay come to lose confidence in all these friends?

When they stood by the governor in his endeavor to have the legislature pass an apportionment bill, as its members had sworn to do, in accordance with the constitution.

What would have been the effect of an apportionment?

It would have given two more congressmen and four more delegates to the Republican national convention, to the Republican counties of Philadelphia and Allegheny, where Martin and Magee live.

Did anybody insist on any particular bills being passed?

No. Senator Quay was told he could "take a blank sheet of paper and write any Republican apportionment bills on it he saw fit," if he would only permit some apportionment bills, any Republican apportionment bills, to pass.

How was apportionment beaten?

Senator Quay, in response to telegrams from Andrews, came down to Harrisburg. Under his orders a minority of the Republican members of the legislature bolted the Republican caucus, made a deal with the Democrats, and with their united, solid vote defeated apportionment.

Where did the "hog combine" stand?

It stood by the governor. That is what Senator Quay calls "making war" on him—that is to say, refusing to take orders and ask no questions.

When did Governor Hastings become one of the "hogs?"

He was suspected of it five years ago, when Quay and Andrews defeated him in order to nominate Delamater.

Why did Quay insist on a man like Delamater?

He "wanted to see how it felt to own a governor of Pennsylvania, just for once."

Does he own one now?

No. That is the whole difficulty. That is "making war on Quay."

How did Magee become one of the "hogs?"

An apportionment would have given his county one more member of congress, one more state senator, and four members of the legislature. He was for apportionment, along with the governor, and this was "making war on Quay."

How did Gilkeson "make war on Senator Quay?"

He stood by the governor for apportionment, in accordance with the oath of the members of the legislature and the pledge of the party.

Had there been any talk of repudiating and displacing him before that?

Not a word. He had just carried the state by 240,000 majority. Who ever heard of punishing a leader for victory?

Did Quay ever do as well? or Andrews, who is his representative? or Cooper, who is Don Cameron's personal representative?

Never. Andrews and Cooper both lost the state and elected Democratic governors.

Does the Republican party need a change in the state chairmanship?

Not a bit of it. Pennsylvania would be Republican if all the leaders of the party dropped dead. It would be more Republican if some of them dropped dead.

Has Chairman Gilkeson deserved to be thrown out to make room for somebody else—for Andrews in the disguise of Quay?

No; except by getting the party the largest majorities it has ever had.

Does Senator Cameron need a state committee which he can use to re-elect himself and help along his boom for the presidency?

Senator Cameron needs most everything, and is willing to pay for it.

How do Quay and Gilkeson stand on Cameron?

They have both been called to account with the direct question, and here are their answers. You can judge for yourself which of them Cameron is putting up the money for:

QUAY DODGES.	GILKESON ANSWERS
"I am a personal friend of Senator Cameron, and our official relations are the most agreeable. He has never intimated to me his desire for re-election, and it would certainly be most discourteous in me to declare either for or against my colleague in the absence of his pronounced candidacy, which can in no wise be affected by the pending controversy. Of his attitude toward me I am not informed, but I am told he is somewhere in New England, and not interested in my candidacy."	"Inasmuch as the Hon. J. D. Cameron is in favor of the free coinage of silver, and believing that such a national policy would be disastrous to the great agricultural, manufacturing and commercial interests of Pennsylvania, I cannot favor Mr. Cameron as a candidate for the presidency, nor as a senator from Pennsylvania to succeed himself."

It is evidently not into the Gilkeson campaign that the Cameron money is going.

What reason is given why a chairman who has just carried the state by the largest majority on record should be turned out?

Quay wants the place.

Who else thinks the Republican party ought to do this contemptible thing?

McClure's Philadelphia Times (Democratic), Singerly's Philadelphia Record (Democratic), Elverson's Philadelphia Inquirer" (mercenary), and Thomas V. Cooper, Senator Cameron's private agent.

Why is Cooper against Gilkeson?

Because Gilkeson is against Cameron, who owns Cooper.

What is the Cooper compromise?

Whatever Quay wants, since he sees he is licked.

What was Cooper's last compromise?

Andrews, Delamater—and a Democratic governor for four years.

Does the Republican party want any more of them?

Every Republican can answer for himself when he votes. If loyal and successful service is to be paid with repudiation, vote against Gilkeson. That means Quay, Andrews, Cameron and the Delamater atrocity over again. A vote for Gilkeson means a vote for fair play that every Republican wants for himself. That is all there is of it.

VETERANS, ATTENTION!

Past Department Commander Emsley Shows Up Quay's False Pretense.

A vast amount of capital has been attempted out of Governor Hastings' veto of the bill passed by the last legislature providing that honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the late war should have the preference in state employment. The Quayites have used this veto as a club to hold over the heads of the Grand Army men throughout the state, but it has not proved the weapon they expected. The veterans recollect that this same bill was passed during Governor Beaver's term and that it was promptly vetoed on the ground of unconstitutionality. No hue and cry was then raised. The old soldiers acquiesced in the veto, and not a few them felt then, as now, that the bill instead of being a boon to the veteran actually affixed the stigma of mendicancy upon him. Interviews with prominent Grand Army men since Governor Hastings' veto show that this sentiment is still alive and is if possible stronger today than ever. If anything further were needed here are the sentiments of a veteran who unmasks through the Philadelphia Press the game of deceit and loud mouthed false pretense of the Quay-Cameron partisans, who have stooped to every species of misrepresentation and every shade of trickery to besmirch the good name of Governor Hastings and those standing shoulder to shoulder with him.

"To the Editor of The Press.

"SIR—The old soldier who publishes a letter to the governor in the morning papers of the 17th inst neglects to say that he is a Quay partisan, and that he is an adherent of Mr Quay, not because of his personal attachment to Mr. Quay, but because of his antipathy to those whom he supposed have at some time stood in his way, consequently this soldier of the Sixth corps has a 'personal kick' and he strikes somebody.

"The man who says that Governor Hastings is, or ever has been, actuated by ill will or malice toward the old soldier doesn't know the man. The old soldier never had a better friend than Daniel H. Hastings, and if the Sixth corps man doesn't know it there are thousands of veterans throughout the state thoroughly familiar with that fact.

"The bill in question was previously vetoed by one of Pennsylvania's most gallant soldiers—Governor Beaver—and nowhere do we find a protest from the Sixth corps man against General Beaver—in fact, he omits any reference to it in his invective against Governor Hastings. If Governor Beaver was right, why was not Governor Hastings right?

"The old soldiers are not mendicants, and it would be interesting to know just how many of the 100,000 old soldiers in Pennsylvania asked for the passage of this particular bill, or how many of them called on the governor to show why the bill should become a law. In February the Grand Army of the Republic of this state held its annual convention at Williamsport, at which there were representatives of nearly 50,000 old soldiers in organization, and notwithstanding that the legislature was then in session and that the many members of the legislature attended the Grand Army convention, not a word was said concerning this bill, not a resolution was offered favoring it.

"Let any one make a tour of state and city departments, count the little bronze buttons and other insignia of soldier service, and he will not say that the old soldier has been neglected by the Republican party or by Governor Hastings. Count the soldiers on the "Hill" at Harrisburg and then say if Daniel H. Hastings bears ill will or malice to the veterans. Make a round of City Hall and the bureaus and departments of our city government, and then tell just what Republican leaders have done for the old soldier—there will be found not companies, but regiments of old soldiers and ships crews of blue jackets.

"The old soldier thus far has been able to 'hold his own' in mercantile, professional or public life, and while some have not been able to reach a realization of their ambitions in political positions or office holding, it is not true that the veterans want to be favored by class legislation, and in a contest between an old soldier, abilities and other qualifications being equal, the old soldier wins always.

"No class of our citizens have a higher regard for 'fair play' than the old soldiers, and Governor Hastings evidently had too much love for the old soldier and regard for his future to say that he believed the 'old soldier was played out' and needed state aid in the same measure as it would be given to paupers. WILLIAM EMSLEY.

"Late Company A, 116th P. V."

The writer is one of the most widely known veterans in Philadelphia, and is past department commander of Pennsylvania.

How They Register.

The conventional way of putting one's autograph on a hotel register is commonplace enough, and so every now and then variations in registering are to be found in all hostelries of Washington. The man who puts "Hon.," "Colonel" or "Judge" before his own name is a very rare visitor at the capital, but occasionally a sinner of this sort against good taste is found. Very few travelers nowadays write the word lady where wife ought to go, though Mr. and Mrs. seem to be the most approved forms.

The night clerk at one of the up town houses opened his eyes wide the other day when a guest who registered from New York added thereto "436 West Forty-ninth street," which was putting a much finer point on the matter of address than is usual.

If a Cleveland man uses a capital O after the name of his city, he thereby goes square against the resolution of the chamber of commerce of his town, which calls on all patriotic Clevelanders to omit the O. It is said that a city which is bound to be the metropolis of the Buckeye country needs no minute geographical designation.—Washington Post.

What People Read In Glasgow

In the annual report of the Mitchell library, in Glasgow, appear some interesting particulars as to changes in what the people read. The classes which show a smaller proportion to the whole issue than formerly are theology, philosophy, history, biography, poetry and the drama, linguistics and miscellaneous literature. The following classes have gained: Sociology, including law, politics, commerce, etc.; arts and sciences and fiction. The percentage of fiction in the total issue is 9.22. In the ladies' room it is 33, but this is because a number of working girls and young women spend part of their dinner hour there in the enjoyment of a novel. If Scotland is giving up reading theology, Scotland must be in a bad way.—Westminster Gazette.

WOULD IT BE RIGHT?

It is easy to sneer at a brother's tear
When sorrow his cup hath filled,
When the shadow of wrath hangs over his path
And his warm heart's blood is chilled,
When hope seems tost to the winds and lost
In their mad and scurrying flight,
It is easy to sneer at a brother's tear,
But, think you, would it be right?

It is easy to sigh at the orphan's cry
And hurriedly pass along,
To meet the wail of the widow pale
With a rollicking burst of song.
When far away, like a bird at play,
Joy fadeth—a fickle wight—
It is easy to sigh and pass them by,
But, think you, would it be right?

It is easy to ween o'er the forms that sleep
In their mantle of gloomy clay,
Then laugh in your pride at the welling tide
That saddens a passing day.
For the friend and the foe must come and go,
And sorrow is lost to sight
In the whirligig dream of life's swift stream,
But, think you, would it be right?

You may bow your head in the glad light shed
By the altar's beckoning arm
And his name extol who keepeth the soul
From the moldering touch of harm;
You may humbly seek in a manner meek
The regions of pure delight,
While your heartstrings chime to the things of time,
But, think you, would it be right?

WANAMAKER'S

PHILADELPHIA, July 29, 1895.

Coming events cast their shadow before. Hence, fairly, a word of the Sixth Annual Trade Sale of FURNITURE.

It commences August 1st.

It embraces every article of furniture.

It means a saving of a quarter, third or half from regular furniture prices.

It interests every furniture wanter within a hundred miles of Wanamaker's.



We commenced selling furniture a long while after we were fairly launched in selling other goods—early in 1885 to be exact. We gathered what seemed a comprehensive stock and priced it fairly. It was the best of the several sorts on the market. But buyers had come to look to Wanamaker's for *better everykind of goods. Usual furniture wouldn't do,* though fairly priced. Had to start all over again. Then we got right furniture, and we havent't had any other kind since. Made for endurance; made not to warp, twist, come apart or fall down; made artistically.

It was something new under the sun.

People liked it, and gave us a bigger furniture trade than any other merchant ever dreamed of. Makers liked the change—they always like betterment when somebody else is brave enough to stand the risk.

Then came the August Furniture Sales—the dull month of the year utilized to distribute vast quantities of goods. We could afford to do the storekeeping cheaply, for it was business and kept the wheels turning. Everyone concerned could shade prices to make an all-the-year-'round briskness.

Each year finds greater preparations in readiness for the constantly increasing demands; finds every price advantage turned your way.

WOMEN'S GLOVES

Dame Fashion has been kind to women this Summer and let them discard gloves half the time. These for the other half:



- 4-button White Chamois Gloves, 75c.
- 6-button length White Chamois Gloves, 75c; 8-button length, $1.
- 4-button Suede Gloves, white, embroidered in white or black, 75c.
- 6-button length pure Milanese Silk Gloves, colors and black, 35c.
- 6-button length Suede Lisle Gloves, 37½c.

This story should be sung in minor key, for makers' profits are gone; all gone.

TOWELS

Perhaps there may be a better every-day towel made sometime, but Huckaback has held the palm for many a year.

But to-day's prices are new: 24x44 in. all white Huckaback Towels at 18c instead of 30c.

19x39 in. bleached Huckaback Towels, fringed, 12½c—four towels for the worth of three. All linen.

Turkish Bath Towels.

Looped luxury added to the bath—and next to nothing to pay while we distribute 500 dozen. 12½c each; 25c each—in either lot you buy four towels for the worth of three. Cotton, of course.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

If you See it in The "Gazette" It is so!

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, July 11th, 1895

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$484,992 14
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		40,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand		6,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		551 06
Stocks, securities, etc		55,141 75
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,500 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		700 84
Due from approved reserve agents		72,711 60
Checks and other cash items		2,701 59
Notes of other National Banks		2,412 00
Nickels and cents		179 38
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK viz		
Specie	$42,500 00	
Legal tender notes	34,000 00	76,500 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)		1,800 00
TOTAL		$753,192 36

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 92 220 00
Surplus fund	120,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	9 462 40
National Bank notes outstanding	34,620 00
Due to other National Banks	41,490 62
Dividends unpaid	393 60
Individual deposits subject to check	405,005 74
TOTAL	$753,192 36

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 18th day of July, 1895.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest
BENJ. J. TAYLOR,
L. A. HOGUET, } Directors
G. A. SHOEMAKER,

An Ordinance

Regulating the use of Bicycles in the Borough of Bristol.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That no bicycle shall be ridden on any side-walk within the said Borough of Bristol.

SECTION 2. That no bicycle shall be run or operated within said Borough of Bristol at any greater speed than seven miles an hour; nor unless a bell, which may be heard at a distance of at least fifty feet, shall be attached thereto, nor unless, between sunset and sunrise, a lighted lamp shall be placed on the front thereof.

SECTION 3. Any person or persons convicted of violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, for each offense, forfeit and pay the sum of five dollars, to be recovered before any Justice of the Peace, in the same manner that debts not exceeding one hundred dollars are by law recoverable, and when so recovered shall be forthwith paid to the Treasurer of the said Borough of Bristol for the use of the said Corporation.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 8th day of July, A. D., 1895.

B. C. FOSTER, President of Council.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

Approved this 10th day of July, A. D., 1895.

RAYMOND F. BUSEMAN, Burgess of the Borough of Bristol.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH SHERMAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARGARET A. SARGENT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN TYLER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

GEORGE F. TYLER,
WILLIAM C. TYLER,
Executors.

Or their Attorney,
JOHN C. STUCKERT. 6-13

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of EMILY M. L. HELLINGS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JESSE HELLINGS, Executor.

Or his Attorney,
JOHN C STUCKERT. Dover, Del.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE McGILL, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

LETTERS testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

Or, REV. CHAS. J. VANDEGRIFT, Executor.
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN ADAMS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Administrator.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY STRONG, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

Or, REV. C J VANDEGRIFT, Executor.
A. WEIR GILKESON, his Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of ALBERT BAKER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

Or M. KATE BAKER, Administratrix.
GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attorneys.

IT WILL PAY YOU

to look into my plan of stock speculation; perfectly safe; 30 per cent profits paid first year; profits divided monthly. For particulars, call or address W. C. HURT, 1215 Filbert Street, Philadelphia. Room 112.

Charles B. Keen & Co.

STOCK BROKERS,

36 S. Third St., PHILADELPHIA

Established in 1852. Stocks and Bonds, bought, sold and carried on margin.

Refer by permission to
J. H. Michener, Pres. Band of North America
C. H. Banes, Pres. Market St. National Bank
H.M. Dechert, Pres. Commonwealth Trust Co.

WANTED—A FEW MORE BOOK AGENTS in this and adjoining Counties for

Our Journey Around the World.

A bran' new book by Rev. Francis E. Clark, Pres't of the United Soc. of Christian Endeavor. The best chance to make money ever offered to all who want profitable work. A good Agent in this vicinity can earn $100 a month. Distance no hindrance, for we Pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, and Exclusive Territory. For particulars, write to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn

Miscellaneous

Scientific Suspenders.

No strain on buttons
Waistband is never pulled up.
No baggy pants.
No dragging down on shoulders.
No straps in view in full dress.
Trousers not pulled up away from shoe when sitting
Cables preserved from wear.
Built for, and worn by, the best dressed men in America.

Wear Them Once

And you will put a pair on each pair of Trousers.

By mail, 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50, and $2, postpaid

Scientific Suspender Co., Lim., Buffalo, N. Y.
(Formerly Battle Creek, Mich.)

—ARE YOU—

Making the Most of Yourself?

There is one Magazine which will help you succeed by teaching you to know and appreciate yourself. The Phrenological Journal is a wide-awake up-to-date exponent of Human Nature.

ARE YOU USING THOUGHT AND TACT IN BRINGING UP YOUR CHILDREN?

The Child Culture Department helps mothers and teachers to study the characteristics of each child as a guide to its proper development.

Send ten cents for sample copy of the Phrenological Journal.

FOWLER & WELLS CO., Publishers,
27 East 21st St., New York

We also publish a long list of helpful books.

Sherman & Peirce,

BRISTOL, PA.

Big Lot SPRUCE PALES For Sale Low.

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Etc.

Hardwood, Stairwork.

LEM WONG, Chinese Laundry.

WE ARE STILL WITH YOU!

The old-established Laundry has removed to 231 Mill Street, formerly occupied by S. B. Bibbs' Meat Market.

All laundry work done in first-class style at reasonable prices. No connection with any other Laundry in Bristol. Also for sale best Tea.

School Tax.

The "Duplicate" having been placed in my hands, I am now prepared to receive the School Tax at my place of business on

Dorrance Street, from 9 A. M. to 7 o'clock, P. M.

Prompt payment will secure a deduction of five per cent

EDW. H. FOSTER, Treasurer
Bristol Borough School Board.

Bristol, 7th Month (July) 2nd, 1895.

Charter Notice.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that an application will be made to the said Court on Monday, August 19th, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called Saint Michael's Beneficial Society, the character and object whereof is the maintenance of a society for beneficial purposes to its members, from funds collected therein, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office. WM. & J. C. STUCKERT, Solicitors.

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,

I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.

CANAL ST., bet. WASHINGTON & DORRANCE, BRISTOL, PA.

A Chance to Earn Money!

Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere No experience needed. Address, stating age H. W. FOSTER & CO., Box D, Geneva, N.Y

GERMEA For Breakfast prepared from California White Wheat. Delicious, Economical. Grocers sell it. The John T. Cutting Co., 153 Duane St. N.Y.

THE HARDWARE DEALER.

A MAGAZINE brim full of practical ideas from hardware men. The cream of 1000 brains. 116 pages. Only $1 a year. Sample copy free. D. T. MALLET, Pub., 78 Reade St., New York.

Wanted We want several honest, reliable men in this vicinity, to act as SALESMEN for our CHOICE NURSERY STOCK.

We will pay a salary or commission and furnish an outfit free. Write at once for terms and information to

THE GUARANTEE NURSERY CO., GENEVA, N. Y.

Farms & Houses
FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Rents and all Other Bills Collected.

EDW. N. BOOZ,
No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

Agents Wanted

TO CANVASS for the sale of OUR HOME GROWN Nursery Stock. Special terms Established 1846 W. T. SMITH & CO., The Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. One of the Largest and Best Known Nurseries in the United States

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. My Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way New York, sole depot. Send for book and proofs FREE.

Miscellaneous

COAL

Highest Grades of
FAMILY FLOUR
FEED, ETC.
—Wood, Lime and Brick,—
Grass Seeds.

PIONEER COAL YARD,
(Established 1837.)

Walter F. Leedom,
529 to 535 Bath St.,
BRISTOL, PA

MINSTER & BAKER,
(Successors to Stroeble & Son.)

DEALERS IN
UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

COAL

WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

Office: Bath & Otter Sts.

Orders received at E W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot

W. E. Doron,

Corner of Radcliffe and Market Streets,
BRISTOL, PA

Best Lehigh
COAL
In the Market.

Lumber

By car load, at Wholesale Prices.

The Tariff On Watches

Remains the same. Watches are neither higher nor lower on account of the tariff, but we have recently purchased, for cash, a large stock of Ladies' and Gent's Gold, Silver and Gold-Filled Cases, more than we wish to carry in stock, at very much below the market price, which we offer at greatly reduced prices. They are fitted up with Waltham, Elgin and Rockford movement.

We also have a good stock of Gorham Sterling Silver and Rogers' Silver-Plated Ware.

A. E. BAYLIES,
307 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

Burton's Express.

Jobs of Hauling

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at the Telephone Office or GAZETTE Office will be attended to promptly.

FREDERICK KING,
DEALER IN
-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-
LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

CONFECTIONERY

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Dr. C. H. DILTS,
—DENTIST,—

Has removed to—
221 E. State St., TRENTON, N. J.

Will be at his former office
326 Mill St., BRISTOL, PA.,
Every MONDAY and SATURDAY

The Humane Driving Bit.

TREAT THE FAMILY PET TO ONE

Robt. Bonner says that if you try it you will use no other bit, for all kinds of horses. It will control the most vicious horse without punishment.

Extra fine sample, solid nickel jointed or stiff mouth. Tested and Warranted sent for $1.

HUMANE BIT CO., Dept. F., NEWARK, N.J

Lincoln Park

PHILADELPHIA'S GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

On the Delaware River, 12 miles below Phila.

Fast Steamers. Amusements of every description. Three grand concerts daily. Fairy-land illumination Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights. Grand fireworks display Wednesday and Saturday nights. Base-ball, Picnic and Athletic grounds.

Steamers hourly from Race and Christian Street.

Round trip fare from Philadelphia, 25 cents. Children under 12 yrs, 10c. Round trip fare from Bristol, by Steamer Pokanoket, 50c.

Miscellaneous

Cholerine Mixture

is an old and valuable Medicine for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and other troubles of the intestines.

Every family should have it in case of sudden attacks.

50c. a bottle
—at—
Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

C. J. PATTON,

Wholesale and retail dealer in
BEST BRANDS OF
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,

We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 5th 1st district "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler Sumatra wrapper.

Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos

NORTH STAR,

And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.

"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY." The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market.

"THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality

"DELICIOSOS" Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.

Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.

Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

B. C. FOSTER,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses, Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

Groceries

In Great Variety and CHEAP

AT FOSTER'S.

Especial care is taken to constantly have on hand the finest BUTTER, TEAS, COFFEES and SPICES that the market affords.

Fruits and Vegetables in Season.

Edward H. Foster,
The DORRANCE STREET GROCER.

SAMUEL W. BLACK,
DEALER IN
FINE ∴ GROCERIES!
FRUITS
AND PROVISIONS.

TEAS and COFFEES a Specialty

Goods Delivered Promptly.
YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

COR. OF RADCLIFFE & MILL STS., BRISTOL, PA.

Robert Clark,
Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,
No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

John T. Thorne,
Paper Hanger,
And Dealer in—
WALL PAPERS.

All ordinary Papers hung at the uniform price of

10c a Piece.

311 Market Street,
Bristol, Pa,

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1895.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.30, 10.40 A. M., 2.10, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 3.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 8.00, 9..0 A. M., 12.15, 1.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.00, 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.45, 6.40 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.07 A. M.

EMILIE, OX ORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Closes at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Change of Time.

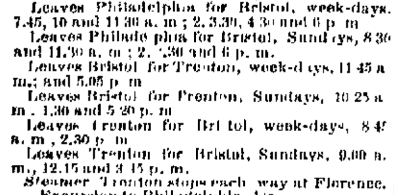
In effect Thursday, June 13th, 1895.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, week-days, 7, 7.15, 10 and 11.45 a. m.; 2, 4 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia, Sundays, 8.00 and 10.30 a. m.; 1.30, 4 and 5.15 p. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, week-days, 7.45, 10 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 3.30, 4.30 and 6 p. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, Sundays, 8.30 and 11.30 a. m.; 2, 3.30 and 6 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Trenton, week-days, 11.45 a. m.; and 5.05 p. m.
Leaves Bristol for Trenton, Sundays, 10.25 a. m., 1.30 and 5.20 p. m.
Leaves Trenton for Bristol, week-days, 8.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m.
Leaves Trenton for Bristol, Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 12.15 and 3.45 p. m.
Steamer Trenton stops each way at Florence.
Excursion to Philadelphia, 40c.
Single fare to Philadelphia, 25c.
Excursion to Trenton, 25c.
Single fare to Trenton, 15c.
July 4th, same time as Sunday.

THE INTER-STATE STEAMBOAT CO. TIME TABLE.



A cheap and enjoyable excursion every day, including Sundays.

Steamer Pokanoket

on and after Sunday, June 9th, 1895, will leave Bristol at 8.45 a. m. for Philadelphia and Lincoln Park. Arrive at Philadelphia about 10.45 a. m., arrive at Lincoln Park about 11.30. Returning, leave Lincoln Park at 2.30 p. m.—giving three hours on the grounds. Will leave Philadelphia for Bristol, Florence, White Hill and Trenton at 4 p. m. from Walnut Street wharf. Fare to Philadelphia, 25c. Excursion, 40c. Bristol to Lincoln Park and return, 50c.

The 10.30 trip from Philadelphia to Bordentown and return will be discontinued from the above date.

Steamer Florence

Leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8.30 a. m.
Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 3.00 p. m.
SUNDAYS—Leaves Bristol for Phila., 9.30 a. m.
Leaves Phila for Bristol, 6.30 p. m.
Boats land in Philadelphia at Walnut Street.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect January 14th, 1895.

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.51, *10.26 A. M. 12.05, 12.55, *1.17, *3.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.56, 6.37, 5.43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.09, 8.30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M.
Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.26 A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.00, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.
Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12.01, *3.20, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.34, *8.14, 8.30, 9.52, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 12.50, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *3.52, 4.30, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.02, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M.
Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45 A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, *6.20, *6.30, 7.27, *8.12, *10.00, 10.25 P. M.
(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 25, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1780.
Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Mason's Building, Cedar street.
Lemuel Vandegrift, W. M., Eddington,
Harry O. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 100, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall
Walter Hall, Chancellor Commander,
John R. Campbell, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE DIVISION, No. 10, 3D REG OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Wednesday night at ——
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
William R. Bailey, Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No 87, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1813.
Meets every Wednesday night in I. O. O. F. Building.
Lewis Loechner, Noble Grand,
Harvey S. Rue, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Charles Hooding, Sir Knight Marshal,
Geo. Wright, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA P. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1890.
Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Sarah Plum, Worthy Chief Commandress,
Miss Dora Weygand, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Alfred Pearson, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 2, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Tillie Johnson, President,
Mrs. Sarah Kemble, Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, JR. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Thursday night at Mohican Hall.
George Schoch, Councillor,
Horace G. Young, Rec. Secretary.

NONPAREIL COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM.
Instituted 1887.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Charles H. Dilts, Regent,
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Tuesday night in Mohican Hall.
Wm. A. Mohre, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Monday night in Evans' Hall.
Mrs. Kates, Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Secretary.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.
Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall.
William Milner, Sachem,
William R. Bailey, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTAS.
Instituted ——.
Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Mary Pope, Pocohontas,
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 136, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.
Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
James A. Jefferson, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

End of the Trail

None of us knew just where the "colonel" was from, but it was understood in a general way that his home had formerly been in Georgia. His air of quiet courtesy and neatness, frequent interjection of "sah" in his conversation, the rounding of the angles on his "r's," and the further fact that his constant companion was a negro manservant, told plainly that he was from the south. We fixed on Georgia as his habitat, and he never denied it.

Neither did we know that he was a colonel, but he rode his old mule with the seat of a dragoon, always saw his animal fed before he fed himself and had that indescribable bearing that tells a man has seen service. His age—quien sabe? He may have been 60, probably less, possibly more. One cannot always distinguish between the wrinkles of age and those of the desert sun and mountain storms. Tall, gaunt, weather beaten, hair long and almost white, gray, bushy eyebrows and a thin, iron gray goatee, he looked old, but rugged. He was well read, polite, noticeably so amid the rough surroundings of mining camps, where men are so apt to forget in a few weeks that which has been drilled into them for years, but the colonel was never known under any circumstances to forget that he was a gentleman. When he first began to make the rounds of the camps, there were some among the more youthful and reckless who thought to "have some fun out of the old colonel," but he soon taught them to respect him. True, he was of the "old school," but his weapons were up to date models, and he was a past master in their uses and adaptations. His negro, Mose, was also aged, fully as old as his master, his whitening wool and scraggy beard and mustache bearing silent witness to that fact. Like his master, he was tall, not quite so erect, but of greater physical strength. He, too, was of the old school where they taught black boys to remove their hats when spoken to by a white person, step into the street when the sidewalk was crowded and other matters considered obsolete in the latter day curriculum.

The first time I saw the strange pair was at the camp at Tres Pinos, down on the peninsula. They had just arrived from up country, and while the colonel held the mules a short distance away the negro came up to the little mining store for supplies. As he was leaving with his arms full of packages a motley crowd drinking in a mescaleria across the road caught sight of his black face, and with yells came tumbling out of the adobe building. Crowding around old Mose they insisted on his dancing for their amusement, two or three beginning to "pat juber" while others fired shots in the ground near the old negro's feet. He was astounded and began a half frightened remonstrance while the crowd was debating whether it should be the "Essence of Ole Virginny" or a breakdown. The argument was suddenly interrupted by the colonel forcing his way to the center of the ring. Taking up a position in front of the negro he said:

"Gentlemen," and the concentrated sarcasm he threw into the expression stung like a lash, "Mose is too old and rheumatic to dance. Possibly I may be able to afford you a little entertainment if you will attempt to compel me to dance."

The colonel spoke as quietly as if addressing a pleasant little party of friends and requesting the fiddler to begin, but in each hand he held a double acting six shooter, and you could see "shoot" in every flash of the deep set gray eyes. Well, Mose did not dance; neither did the colonel. For an instant the crowd hesitated, then gave a wild cheer for the "old man and his nigger." The old colonel stooped, helped Mose collect his fallen packages, then moved away slowly through the crowd, courteously declining numerous invitations to "come and have suthin."

I noticed when the colonel forced his way into the ring that the proprietor had stopped inside the store and came out with a repeating rifle in his hands and a big revolver shoved down in the waistband of his trousers. As the crowd cheered and went back to the saloon, he returned the weapons to the store, quietly remarking that "the boys down here don't know the colonel, seein it's his first visit ter camp, an I wuz afeared he wuz goin ter have trouble. They're a cur'us pair," he said as he moved his cracker box seat farther into the shade of the building. "I've seed an heard ov 'em up across the line for sev'ral years. They 'pear ter be lookin for some one—yes, a man. I forgit the name they call 'im, but that don't make no difference, fer, if he's tryin ter hide out, he kin easy change his name.

"The old man's got a picter ov 'im, an he's a likely lookin young feller, well dressed, with a little mustache, curly at the ends, an big eyes, brown, the old man sez the color ov 'em is. Most all the boys that's seed the picter say they've seed them eyes an general makeup some place, but they can't place 'im. I don't guess it's the old man's son, for it don't look like 'im, an I axed the old man onct, an he said, 'No, thank God!' I reckon they's a story back ov it somewheres, but 'tain't likely we'll ever hear ov it till the old colonel fin's his man, ter he ain't one ter tell his business, an his old nigger's ez close mouthed oz he is. They don't seem ter have any money, only what they make placerin, an I guess times is purty corky fer 'em onct in awhile. They jest drift aroun from camp ter camp, an when their money begins ter run short they go ter pannin in some ov the gulches until they git a little stake, an then they move on. Sometimes, though, they run plum ashore."

I saw the pair frequently after that in different camps, the old colonel always prosecuting his inquiries for the stranger. He was welcome in every camp, and I learned that nearly every one had promised to aid him. Somehow it was tacitly understood that, if found, the stranger was not to be informed that he was the object of a persistent search, but the colonel was to be notified at the earliest possible moment.

It was down at Tough Nut Gulch that the old colonel's search ended, and those who witnessed the finale will never forget it. A gambler, known to the camps in a half dozen districts as Billy Shortcard, had been caught at his old tricks during a game of stud poker at the Bedrock saloon the night before. In the row that followed Billy shot before the other man, one of the miners, even attempted to draw a weapon. He went down with a bullet in his shoulder. The next morning court was convened in the rear of the saloon, a court of first and last resort, and from which there was no appeal. It was decided that if the man died Billy was to hang. If he lived, Billy was to be escorted to the confines of the district and warned not to return on penalty of death. However, it was a clean, straight wound through, and after dispatching a courier to the railroad station, over 100 miles away, for a surgeon, a silk handkerchief was passed through the wound and cooling poultices applied. The wounded man displayed no alarming symptoms, and it was probable that the sentence of banishment would be carried out.

The colonel and Mose had arrived the night before, and, in their search always seeking the center of excitement, they came into the saloon just as Billy was brought in to listen to the verdict. The colonel took a seat on an empty box, glanced casually at the prisoner, then started to his feet with a peculiar cry, a cry both shrill and hoarse, something between a death rattle and the scream of a mountain lion when it springs for its prey. Followed by old Mose he shouldered his way through the crowd to where Billy sat. The latter saw him, and for an instant his face paled under its brown beard and tan, and he seemed to shrink and cower on the bench. Then the blood rushed back to his face, and he arose to his feet. The colonel paused directly in front of him, his hands working nervously, and we could see that it was with a superhuman effort he folded his arms instead of gripping that brown bearded throat with his long sinewy fingers. For a full minute the men gazed at one another, the younger half frightened, half defiant, with a look that you see in a man's eyes when his back is against the wall. The expression on the old man's face was indescribable. It was a composite of joy and sorrow, of hate and exultation, of vengeance and determination. Not a man in the room moved. They realized that here was a case in which their court had no jurisdiction; that they were about to witness the resurrection of a past long dead and buried; that the trail on which the old colonel had camped for years ended there. The absolute silence was tragical in itself. At last the brown eyes wavered before the steady, threatening gaze of the gray. The old man smiled and then:

"You coward and murderer!" came from between his tightly clenched teeth.

The young man lifted his head. "That's a"—

"Stop!" and the colonel raised his fist. "Don't address me, sah, or I'll have Mose strangle the breath out of you."

"That's right; jump on to an unarmed man with his hands tied." The colonel made no reply to the taunt, but, turning, faced the crowd.

"Gentlemen," and there was a note of entreaty in his voice, "my quarrel with your prisnah is of long standing and is grievous, gentlemen, so grievous that when it originated I took a solemn oath with my knees on a grave that when I found him the next mohnin's sun should not find both of us alive. You know me, gentlemen, and know that I would not take such an oath unless the cause was great. Help me to keep my vow. Let me have your prisnah."

There was a moment's silence. Then one of the discharged jurors, with a strain ov technicality in his makeup, arose. "We'd like ter obleege ye, cunnel; but, ye see, the pris'ner's under condish'nal sentence ov the court. If Hank Brown dies, I'm willin for one that ye sh'd carry out the verdic'."

The old colonel grew more erect. "I am not a hangman, sah."

"What do ye want ov 'im, then?"

"Fight him. Put a weapon in his hand and let him face me as a man would."

"But, cunnel, ye're a-gittin old, an he's young, an his nerves"—

The colonel waved his hand as if putting aside the objections. "I hope the gentleman will excuse me for the interruption, but I know well the smell of powder, and four years' campaigning with Jubal Early"—

"Excuse me, suh," interrupted Bill Snyder, the judge, and also ducket man at the contention, "but did the co't understand you uns ter say ye'd rode with Jubal Early?"

"You did, sah," replied the old colonel proudly.

"Then, suh, by God, suh, the jedgment of this co't is that the prisnah's yo's ter do ez ye d—n please with, an, suh, be it further 'nacted that, oz a ex-private in the Tenth Georgy, Bill Snyder is ready ter back up the decision ov this co't," and the judge brought his fist down with an emphasis that scattered the poker chips on the table that served as a desk. A few smiled at the judge's enthusiasm, but the court had a peculiar method of enforcing its decrees, a method not down in the code of criminal procedure, and as all favored the colonel no exception was taken.

The prisoner, who had heard the decision, demurred, but the judge again rendered a decision without leaving the bench. "Ye'll fight the cunnel ur ye'll hang on general principles, Billy Shortcard. The cunnel intimates ye've wronged him. Ye don't deny it, an ye'll give him satisfaction ur ye'll be hung as a coward, suh!" Then, as a further inducement, it was agreed that if Billy came out alive he was to have his immediate and unconditional freedom. To this Billy consented, and the preliminaries were soon arranged. They were to meet down the gulch at 2 o'clock that afternoon. They were to be stationed 50 yards apart, with their backs turned.

Each was to be armed with two six shooters, selected and loaded by himself, and at the word were to turn and commence firing, advancing or standing in their places, as they chose. With that understanding court adjourned, the judge becoming personally responsible for the presence of the prisoner at the hour named. This was at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. An hour later I passed the colonel's camp and saw Mose back of the little ragged tent, crying, praying and cleaning and oiling his master's six shooters. At the front the colonel was sitting on the breadbox, an old leather wallet on his knees, going over some old papers.

"Good morning, sah!" he said pleasantly in answer to my salutation, and having some slight acquaintance with him he motioned me to a seat on some blankets piled on a pack saddle.

I knew his opponent had a reputation of being very quick and accurate with his pistols; that he was very tricky, and, by way of opening the conversation, warned the colonel. He only smiled and said: "I have no reputation as a fighter in personal conflicts, but I know how to handle my weapons, sah, and for an old man I pride myself that I shoot rema'kably well. As for tricks, sah, it is to be an open field, each man with his own weapons. There can be no tricks. If he runs, I shall shoot him in the back."

"Well, colonel, if I can be of any service—in the event—if, you know, you should—its the unexpected that happens."

"I unduhstand, sah, and I thank you in advance, but there is an old black man out there behind the tent that understands my situation. He has been with me in affairs of this kind, sah, when you were young, and if, as you say, the unexpected should happen, he will know what to do, as I shall give him full and complete instructions. It may surprise you, but this is the happiest day I have known for years, a day that I had longed and prayed for until I had almost grown hahtsick with the fear it would never come. But it has come, sah, and if there is any truth in the old proverb about the 'mills of the gods' it will be exemplified at 2 o'clock this afternoon down the gulch."

At the hour named every resident of Tough Nut—all men; there was not a woman or child in the camp—was at the place appointed, a long, level strip of sand. Billy Shortcard, under the watchful eye of the judge, stood talking with two or three acquaintances. Five minutes before the time the colonel and Mose came leisurely down the gulch, the colonel nodding to his many acquaintances. No time was lost in details. The judge drew a long scratch in the sand with the toe of his boot, and from there took 50 steps, the crowd counting unconsciously. Another long scratch in the sand, and the judge returned.

"Gentlemen, it air 2 o'clock. Is ther' any way this yeh thing kin be fixed without the sheddin ov blood? Must it go on?"

"It must, sah," said the colonel. Billy stood silent.

"Do yer want ter toss up fer posishuns, gentlemen?"

"Give him his choice," replied the colonel. Without a word Billy started down the gulch to the lower line.

"Hold up a minit, suh," called the judge. "Now, gentlemen, I shall take my posishun half way between ye. I shall ask if ye air ready. If ye air, I shall count three, then fire my pistol. The minit I shoot ye may wheel an fire at will, an may God have mercy on yer souls. Do ye unduhstand?" They did, and each man stepped to his place, Billy drawing from their holsters two long 45 caliber double acting six shooters. It was to be no more exchange of shots. It was understood that each was to fire until one was either dead or fatally wounded. If the right arm was disabled, they must continue firing with the left. As they took their places the low murmur of conversation ceased and the crowd moved back from the line. Old Mose stood near his master, silent and self possessed, but great tears were rolling down the furrows in his black face. He made another examination of the weapons, heavy, long barreled 45 caliber revolvers, wiping the barrel of each on his sleeve to remove any possible specks of dust. The colonel took the pistols, smiled into the old negro's face, spoke a few reassuring words in a low tone, then turned to his place without a tremor. The crowd became breathless as the judge silently stepped 25 paces down the side of the gulch.

"Gentlemen, air ye ready?"

The old colonel glanced at Mose and nodded his head; then, as if he had heard the command to "draw sabers," the old veteran calmly waited the order to "charge." One last look at his old master's face, and the negro straightened himself proudly, and his "ready, suh," came clear and steady.

"Cut her loose," came from the other end of the line.

"One, two, three—fire!"

Both men wheeled at the same instant, and "Coward!" burst from the crowd as Billy, wheeling, squatted on his haunches and fired quickly, the ball whistling just above the colonel's head. He smiled scornfully. "I expected that," he said quietly and raised his pistol arm. Billy leaped to his feet and advanced, firing rapidly but wildly in his haste, which was for the evident intention of disturbing the colonel's aim until he, Billy, had approached nearer, the range being greater than he was accustomed to shooting. The colonel stood in his place and replied steadily and slowly. At the first shot Mose dropped to the ground and began praying, at the same time "inching" along on his knees toward his master and keeping an eye on their opponent. "O Gawd," he said, "you who brung de Hebrew chillun safely tru de fi'ry—shoot lower, Mars' Bob, shoot lower fo' Gawd's sake; you a' shootin plum high—fun'ace, shiol my ole mars, tu'n aside de bul—bully fo' you, Mars' Bob! I knowed you'd do it. Gi'm a'norn fo' Mose in de same place!"

The firing had continued rapidly during Mose's exhortation and admonition. Billy had fired two shots to the colonel's one, had advanced nearly half way and was using his second revolver. One of his bullets had left a livid mark along the colonel's scalp, another had cut through the collar of his shirt, but otherwise he was untouched. He stood as if firing at a wooden target. His fourth shot wounded Billy in the left forearm; his fifth struck squarely about an inch to the left of the second button on the gambler's woolen shirt. He threw up his arms, his pistol fell from his grasp, his knees gave way, and he pitched forward on his face, struggled blindly to his knees, tore open his shirt, clutched at his breast in his death struggle, then fell backward and was still.

As he fell Mose was on his knees at the colonel's feet. Grasping the hand that still held the pistol he bowed his old black face upon it and cried like a child. There was an expression of grim satisfaction and triumph on the colonel's face as he watched the death throes of his fallen enemy. When they ceased, he handed the pistols to Mose, who clasped them to his breast, kissed the one with the grimy, powder stained muzzle and petted them like children. "I knowed you wouldn't go back on Mars' Bob, honies; then, 'sides, you air beholdin to ole Mose fo' de cleanin an de scourin an de 'ilin he gi' you smawnin. Ole Mose, he done conjure you, didn' he, honies? Bless Gawd!" Thus muttering and crooning, the old negro, childish in his joy at the result of the duel, followed his master toward the prostrate body of their fallen opponent, around which the spectators had gathered. Silently they gave way to the colonel, who, as he stood gazing down into glazed brown eyes and watched the thickening lifeblood oozing from the uncovered wound, again smiled grimly. Then stooping quickly he dipped his forefinger in the blood and traced "Cora" in dark red characters across the dead man's breast. Then, standing erect, he read the name aloud and uttered a low, ghastly, weird chuckle and began heaping anathemas and curses on the dead, growing more violent as he proceeded. Mose watched him fearfully, then shoved the pistols, which he still held, into their holsters, and taking his master by the arm tried gently to draw him away. "Don't, Mars Bob. You've done yo' juty, you've kep' yo' wud. Yehs, ole Mose, what done had you tek yo' oath, an he's yeh to witness dat you've kep' it. Dat's all. You've done yo' paht, Mars' Bob. Come on." The old colonel recovered himself, passed his hand over his face and head, gazed wildly around, then the light of reason returned to his eyes. "One moment, Mose;" then turning to the crowd he said:

"Gentlemen, it is due you that you should know the reason for my strange actions during my life among you, and the cause of that man's death. Years ago I knew a young girl whose mother died while the husband and father was in the war. After the war the father devoted his life to the care and nurture of the motherless babe, who grew into a loving and beautiful young woman and gave every promise of satisfying the father's devotion. Then that lying there crept into the little home, and the father, learning his true character and correctly surmising his designs, ordered him away.

"He went with a threat on his lips, but the father noticed it no more than the hiss of any other harmless reptile, but he proved venomous. He stole the innocent girl from her home, and six months later she found her way, scorned, reviled, penniless and without a marriage certificate, back to the home of her broken hearted father. Poor girl, she did not have the courage to meet him, and in the morning the negroes found her body in a little lake at the foot of the garden. The father knelt on her grave and registered a vow to his wife in heaven and to his dead child that he would not desist from his search until he had written the name of his beloved child in the lifeblood of her betrayer. That is the story, gentlemen, and you are witnesses to the finis. For your kindness and assistance during all these years I only say thank you. Come, Mose, let us go—home," and taking his faithful old negro by the hand the two moved away. No one in the crowd said a word, but there were glistening drops on many tanned and hardened faces, and every head was uncovered as the two passed on, hand in hand, like two boys.

That evening, near sundown, I was over at Bill Snyder's shack, and we were talking over the incidents of the day. "I allus 'lowed they wuz suthin out ov the way with the colonel," said the judge. "No matter how hard he tried ter be sociable an jokey, ye c'd see by the way he looked an acted that they wuz suthin eatin his haht out. I axed him onct what 'twuz an seed that I had teched a tender spot an tol him ter fergit I axed. Well, I'll be derned if that ain't Mose comin now, jest a-hustlin! Suthin's up."

"Scuse me, gemmens, but would you uns 'bleege me by comin down tuh de tent? Mars' Bob he des gwine on bodacious an pahs lak I ain' able tuh do nuthin wi'm."

To relieve the old man's distress we told him that the colonel was probably slightly hysterical; that his nerves had temporarily given way under the strain of years, and that he would soon be all right.

"No, no, gemmens," said Mose as he led the way to the tent. "You uns doan' know Mars' Bob. He ain't one ob do 'stehicky kin. He ole mars' gimme tuh Mars' Bob when we li'l boys, an I know 'im. He cla' grit!"

While yet quite a distance from the little tent a pistol shot rang out from its direction. "Name er Gawd, what's dat?" and the old negro broke into a run. The suspicion that had evidently flashed into his mind was confirmed by a little cloud of bluish white smoke that floated out from the tent and dissolved in the still evening air. It was as he feared. Lying back on his blankets, an expression of peace and rest such as we had never seen there before rested on the old colonel's seamed and wrinkled face. His left hand, lying on his breast, clutched the faded photographs of a woman and little girl, his right hand held the revolver that he had used in the duel, and the blood that came trickling from his mouth, dyeing his iron gray goatee, told that the sixth shot had been fired. His death must have been instantaneous.

The funeral was attended by every man in camp. There were no services, but the simple, earnest, heartfelt prayer of old Mose as he knelt at the open grave of his dead master was more touching than any I have ever heard delivered over an altar cloth of velvet and gold. After he had finished he arose and said: "Gemmens, dey wuz one song dat my master use tuh hum tuh hesolf long—'long de trail. 'Twuz a fav'ite ob his'n, an mebbe some ob you gemmens knows it ain'll ho'p ole Mose sing it. 'Tis

"Why do we mou'n departed fr'en's
Or shake at death's ala'ms?
'Tis but de voice ob Jesus calls
Tuh take 'em tuh his ahms."

In a hoarse, quivering voice Mose started the old, half forgotten tune, everybody striking in on the second line. Smile if you may, but that old song, sung by those rough miners, with every head uncovered and tears coursing down every bearded cheek, was grander than any miserere that ever swelled from the choir loft of St. Paul's.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The German Court Kitchen.

On state occasions the menu is prepared a week in advance and submitted to the emperor, the details being ordinarily arranged by the empress. The cooking is done upon iron stoves, the roasting room containing huge stoves of special construction let into the walls and a huge turnspit worked by machinery. The department of the pastry chef is considered of great importance. The pastry and sweets have all sorts of elaborate designs round the edges of the dishes, made of dough gilded or silvered over, and not intended to be eaten. All kinds of ornamentations in the shape of figures, hunting scenes and castles are to be seen on the dishes, most of them being modeled of dough or fat and colored and gilded. The emperor pays so much a cover for every dinner, so that strict carefulness has to be observed. For ordinary meals the rate is about 6 shillings a cover, without wine.—Guten Stunde.

MAKING DIPLOMACY PAY.

John W. Foster the Most Talked of Man In Washington.

John W. Foster is now the most talked about man in Washington. He is looked upon as the most successful diplomatist this country has produced in generations. The rule is that when an American is attracted to the field of diplomacy he must have a fat bank account behind him and a willingness to part with a good many of his hard earned dollars for the glory of wearing a title.

Mr. Foster, on the other hand, has made diplomacy pay. He has grown rich in the profession. For 10 or 12 years he has enjoyed an income estimated as averaging $30,000 a year and now his success as diplomatic adviser to the China peace commission has brought him in a small fortune. Some wild estimates have been made as to the amount of Mr. Foster's honorarium from the Chinese government. Figures as high as $250,000 have been named, but I have trustworthy information that the actual sum is considerably within $100,000. Probably it is $50,000 or $60,000 in gold, but in addition to this Mr. Foster will receive valuable presents and a decoration from the emperor.

I asked Mr. Foster if he would satisfy a natural public curiosity concerning the reward for his services, and he replied: "It is not necessary the public should know whether I received $5,000, $50,000 or $100,000. Reports of such things are always greatly exaggerated. It is enough for me to say that the Chinese government treated me with great liberality."—Washington Cor. Chicago Times-Herald.

Mrs. Dugan's Cold Feet.

Mrs. Sam Dugan, wife of a farmer of Georgetown, O., had an experience with a huge blacksnake that she will not soon, if ever, forget. For several mornings past on awakening her feet felt icy, as if something cold had been laid against them, but as upon investigation she found nothing the matter was dismissed from her mind. This morning, however, the circumstance was indelibly impressed upon her memory. Upon turning the mattress in making the bed she was horrified to discover an immense blacksnake coiled up on the springs. She hastily summoned her husband, who appeared armed with a club ready for the fray. The snake showed fight, and a terrific struggle ensued. Mr. Dugan was finally victorious. The snake measured five feet in length.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Nervous

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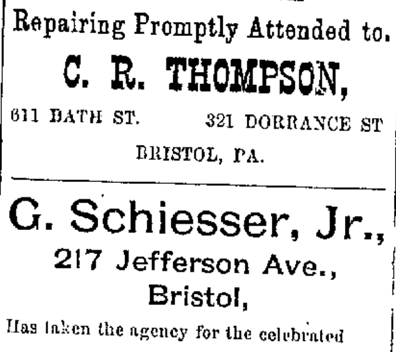
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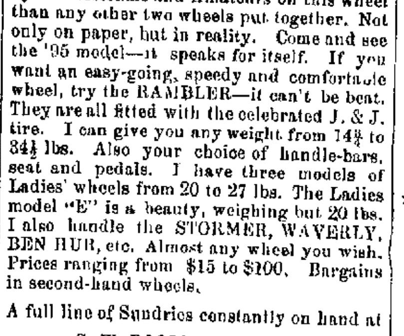
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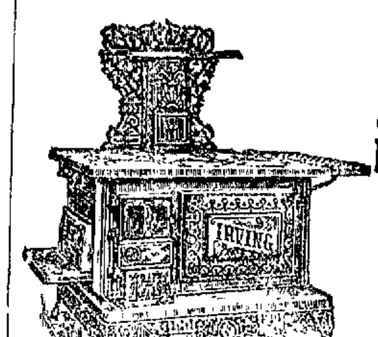
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THE STYLES

Twelve Yard Skirts, Blouse Bodices, Bicycle Costumes Etc.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The Newest Blouse—Glace Kid Shoes—Bicycle Costumes.

There is a new blouse, with or without sleeves, of string colored batiste. This is to wear over a silk bodice or by itself, in which case contrasting sleeves, very large, are worn. This blouse will be in immense vogue as the summer ripens. It is not only cool in itself, but it gives the impression of coolness, and it tones down a gay toilet. A full front and partially full back, although the latter is not a positively necessary qualification, will convert the most elaborate bodice into a blouse. With a



BICYCLE SUIT.

well cut skirt of black moire or satin and half a dozen blouses of muslin, chiffon and silk a great variety of toilet is attained, at least in effect.

Alpaca has advanced in favor very suddenly and is much seen at present. In its better qualities it is very useful, although the old fashioned cheap grades, half of glazed cotton, were the worst of delusions and a waste of money. Although they wore well, they almost at once lost their color and smoothness. Alpaca with a silk warp is charming and serviceable, except in damp weather, when no alpaca holds its own.

Leggings to wear with bicycle suits are now made of the same material as the gown and are buttoned or laced according to the fancy of the rider. Mixed goods, like tweed, cheviot or covert cloth, are most suitable for these costumes, as something is required that will resist the ravages of dust and dampness. Plain colors are often worn, however, blue, black and even dove gray, that most delicate of tints being not infrequently seen. Long and short skirts, divided skirts and bloomers chase public favor, although trousers in some shape, made of the same goods, are always worn beneath the skirt, if there be one.

The bicycle costume illustrated is of light brown cheviot. It has full bloomers, full at the waist and gathered below the knee into a wide band which buttons around the leg with four buttons. Gaiters of the same cloth come up to the full portion of the bloomers. The bodice has wide revers and opens over a full vest with a turned over collar. The belt is of yellow leather. JUDIC CHOLLET.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Fancy Stockings to Match the Dress. Costly Canes.

Yellow is the fashion of the moment and prevails in all shades from orange to cream. A special view of elegant costumes recently imported showed yellow in some of its variations in nine-tenths of the garments, and in millinery it appears in almost every bit of headgear on exhibition.

Hosiery is changing in fashion. While black remains the standard, there is a decided call for fancy styles of all sorts. Some



LITTLE GIRL'S GOWN.

extremely pretty fancy samples are shown, and the indications are that costumes will be matched in all shades from black to white.

Godet skirts, in order to hang well, must be held in place by a strong flat elastic run under the godets inside the skirt. As those skirts are always lined of necessity, the elastic may be attached to the lining alone without showing on the outside. The inside of every fold should be thus tacked, which will keep the godets in shape under all trying circumstances.

It is the fashion for men to carry valuable canes. Whether it is in the best taste or not is another question. If women dress to please men, men likewise dress to please women, and refined women usually prefer a man who is not foppish, and who regards his clothes as he does his toothbrush—that is, as one of the necessities of civilization, to be employed conscientiously and kept immaculately clean, but not as the end and aim of existence. However, as has been said, expensive canes are the style, and the primarily fashionable man keeps a large assortment of them. They are of malacca set with gold and crystal, or tortoise shell in which are placed diamonds, turquoises and other precious stones, sometimes in the form of the cipher of the owner. Other canes are finished with a duck's head in gold, which is hollow and fitted to hold matches.

A little girl's gown is shown in the sketch. It is of bluet wool goods and has a full skirt gathered on the belt of a blouse bodice. The skirt is plain, and the bodice is gathered at the throat and waist. A high collar of black satin, with bows, finishes the neck, while a belt to match surrounds the waist. The full sleeves stop at the elbow and are partly covered by deep, full epaulets of white lace. The fastening of the gown is in the back, invisible among the folds. JUDIC CHOLLET.

BLOUSE BODICES.

Beautiful Bodices—Lace Collars and Cuffs. The Popular Valenciennes.

Blouse bodices, once the synonym for useful simplicity, have blossomed into the greatest elaboration and are the principal fashionable feature of the season. Plain ones for morning wear are finished with collar and cuffs of cambric and embroidery, the former varying in size from the small turned down variety to the large Marie Antoinette, the Cromwell and similar capelike styles, which, although expensive and delicate in their combination of tucks, fine embroidery and valenciennes lace, are yet not so formal looking as lace, which has so long prevailed. It is beginning to be again felt that muslin and cambric are more suitable for the forenoon, when simplicity, at least of general effect, is most appropriate. Nothing is more out of place than flowers, feathers and lace when shopping or walking before luncheon. A cambric collar can be made at home by clever fingers, and any old lace collar will serve as a pattern from which to cut. White cambric with insets of embroidery, trimmed with ecru or yellow lace, is eminently fashionable. Outgrown baby dresses, with their delicate hand-



TAFFETA TOILET.

work, are ripped and made over into those pretty accessories. Valenciennes lace, after a long retirement from favor, is again to the front and is extremely popular. It is said that the price of real, old lace has gone down in consequence of the perfect imitations now made by machinery, and the modern designs are certainly both artistic and novel. There are to be capes of cambric and embroidery as the season advances, which will be exceedingly pretty.

Some of the prettiest and lightest of summer costumes are those made of thin taffeta in delicate colors. The one shown in the sketch is of pearl gray taffeta with pale blue and old rose lozenges. The skirt forms godets all around and has an application of guipure about the foot. A large plait adorns the front. The bodice has three plaits from shoulder to waist and a bertha of guipure, which is full over the shoulders, but passes in a flat band under the plaits. The short sleeves are of extremely balloon form and are finished by a pointed cuff of guipure. The belt and draped collar are of rose satin, the hat of black straw trimmed with rose satin ribbon and black plumes.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

COSTLY FASHIONS.

Rich Silks of Beautiful Designs—Twelve Yard Skirts.

Exceedingly rich brocades are fashionable for those who can afford to buy them. The designs are mainly of the Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze periods and consist of sprays of roses and trails of foliage connected by graceful knots of ribbon. These are of the most delicate and wonderful coloring, the ground surface being enriched by satin and moire stripes or embroidered in jewels and spangles. Where so expensive goods cannot be indulged in for entire gowns it is employed for the immense sleeves, and fortunate shoppers sometimes find remnants of this rich material sufficient for the purpose at greatly reduced prices. When sleeves are not the aim, the remnant may be usefully employed in a tea jacket for extra fine occasions.

Although the best dressed women always avoid extremes, there are extremes. For instance, some of the latest skirts are 12 yards around the foot and contain 24 yards of 27 inch goods. In order to hold so much material the skirts have full godets



FORMAL TOILET.

in front as well as behind and at the sides, and how any woman not a professional athlete can carry such a garment with its linings is inconceivable.

Large fans are going out of fashion, and the small pompadour style is now carried by up to date women. This diminution of size means no decrease of cost, however, as fine workmanship and being at the very point of fashion bring the tiniest trifle to a high pitch of expense. The large fan is, however, always picturesque and will doubtless come into favor again in course of time, so it is worth while to put it away in lavender until its time comes around once more.

The costume shown in the sketch is of reed green broche silk. The godet skirt is plain. The bodice has a sort of blouse effect in front, given by chains of fine beads. This bead blouse is mounted under a yoke shaped piece of beaded passementerie. The balloon sleeves have deep, plain cuffs. The belt is a band of passementerie. With this gown is worn a yellow straw hat trimmed with puffings of straw colored gauze and roses with foliage. A rose is fastened at the belt. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Denver's Exposition Postponed.

The International Mining and Industrial exhibition which was to be held in Denver next summer, and which had been widely advertised, has been abandoned. The reason given by the committee is lack of public spirit. One citizen gave $50,000, and about $150,000 was to have been appropriated by the city and county, but the Denver people did not back up the project. The most hopeful members of the committee say the exhibition will doubtless be held some time in the near future.—New York Sun.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } LUCAS COUNTY. }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

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{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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THE FUTURE OF WAR.

Modern Deadly Guns Will Necessitate a Change In the Tactics.

The modern guns will make great changes in the art of war, and the plans employed in former campaigns by the great commanders will receive many modifications. Defensive battles will be at a premium, and defensive warfare will be simplified. Armies will maneuver for position, and the generals commanding them will gain fame by movements skillfully conducted to concentrate their scattered battalions at the proper time, with the purpose of forcing an antagonist to give rather than to accept battle. If a campaign with a designated objective point is planned and the strategy is offensive on the part of one of the commanders, if possible his tactics will be defensive. Hostile armies will keep at greater distances and in open country out of sight of each other, unless they can take up a line at night and intrench, and direct flank movements will not be attempted where troops are visible before the assault. Field balloons will locate the position and photography mark the formation of contending forces, while telephones and electricity will play prominent parts in the war drama. Night marching and night attacks will be more frequent, and columns of troops organized to charge stationary positions will be moved under darkness to close points so that the charge at dawn will occupy the shortest time possible.

Raging battles will be fought by infantry and artillery, and one of the problems will be the protection of the horses that draw the guns. Temporary field works cannot shelter them, and unless hills afford protection they will perish in the leaden hail. Cavalry will not be employed on the main field of a battle, but on the flanks of armies, against cavalry. Cavalry chieftains will no longer assail infantry or artillery, and no more charges will be recorded like those of Ponsonby at Waterloo or Murat at Jena. This arm will still be effective in reconnoissances, picketing, guarding trains and as escorts, but except in small bodies its use for advance and rear guards will be diminished. The target presented is too large to be risked before field guns firing with great rapidity, even if several miles distant, as well as before infantry rifles incessantly flashing a mile away.

Maneuvering a cavalry corps with, say, 10,000 horses on a future battlefield would be a high type of cruelty to animals, but the regiments, brigades and divisions composing it can still render good service. They can be moved with celerity long distances, and the troopers, except the horse holders, can be dismounted and used as infantry, their modern carbines being nearly as effective as the magazine rifle of the infantryman, but it will be most difficult to protect the horses while locating them in such a position as to reach their riders or be reached by them quickly, when necessary.

Perhaps the most interesting problem to be solved by those who organize armies in the future is the disposition and arrangement of the immense ammunition trains. The greedy guns must be fed, and great will be their rapacity. Next to the commanding general and his principal assistants will rank in importance the field chief of ordnance, who has the location of supply depots and the management of the transportation of large and small cartridges to the combatants. The continual replenishing of caisson and limber boxes, the smaller charges for infantry during actual conflict and the safety and efficiency of vast trains where electric or steam roads cannot be constructed will require a brave, enterprising, cool, vigilant officer of conspicuous ability and executive capacity.

The medical departments, too, must be reorganized and enlarged to convey the disabled to field hospitals, for field ambulances cannot be placed close to battle lines, and the numbers of the wounded will be greatly increased.

The great captains of future wars will be those who fully comprehend the destructive power of improved cannon and small arms, and whose calm and fertile intellect will grasp the importance of so manoeuvering as to force the antagonist to give offensive battle, and who will never be without a "clear conception of the object to be achieved and the best way of achieving it." They will parry and fence like great swordsmen, but they will thrust only when the enemy rushes upon them.—General Fitzhugh Lee in Century.

"Ringing" Trees.

Architects will remember that the old books on buildings advise that the trees intended to be cut for timber should have a ring of bark cut out around the trunk in the latter part of the winter preceding the autumn season in which they are to be felled. This advice seems to have been founded on experience, but so far as we know it is never followed in modern times. Very recently, however, M. Mer of the great forest school of Nancy, in answering an inquiry as to the best means for preserving wooden telegraph poles from the ravages of insects, explains the effect of "ringing" growing trees in a very interesting manner.

According to M. Mer, a tree intended to be used for a telegraph pole should be cut in the autumn, and during the preceding winter should have a ring cut out of the bark, down to the wood, near the upper part of the trunk. If this is done the ascent of the sap in the spring is prevented, as it is well known that the sap circulates just under the bark. The tree nevertheless grows, consuming as nutriment the starch grains laid up in the sapwood. When the season's growth is over, the starch in the sapwood is gone; but, as fresh sap has not been allowed to circulate, no new starch has been deposited in its place to supply the next season's growth, and when the tree is felled its tissues contain no starch, and consequently no food for the insects, which feed upon wood, and which, according to M. Mer, only eat the wood for the starch which they find in it. To inject wood with sulphate of copper, as is often done, M. Mer says helps to complete its protection, but only on condition that the starch is first removed as he suggests.—American.

Malformed Teeth.

Malformed teeth may, in our day, be easily rectified and crooked teeth straightened. Delicate teeth, by great care and proper diet, may be made strong, and, according to many physiognomists, the character of children is changed with the transformation from deformity to regularity and beauty. Thus the child afflicted with protruding and crooked teeth, conscious of its deformity, may become sullen and morose; it knows it is not so welcome as the little one with pretty teeth. A skillful dentist effecting such a metamorphosis not only accomplishes a wonderful dental improvement, but aids in forming a happy character out of one fated to be unhappy without his assistance.—Kansas City Times.

Snakes Invade the Town.

The town of Shickshinny, Pa., at the foot of Knob mountain, has been invaded by hundreds of snakes. It is now customary for the people to search their houses thoroughly before retiring at night. If they do not, some of them are liable to be awakened by the hissing of snakes that make their way into the houses during the night. Mrs. Amelia Stackhouse had an exciting experience. She found a huge black snake in her sitting room. She cried loudly for help. The Rev. S. McCann and Mrs. Hutchings rushed into the house and killed the reptile. F. P. Kelly dispatched a five foot rattlesnake in Mrs. White's garden Tuesday.—Philadelphia Times.

How They Spell It In Kansas.

Kansas spells the gentle bestrider of the bicycle the "pneu" woman.—Boston Herald.

Too Costly to Smoke.

A connoisseur of cigars recently came into possession of three specimens which he prizes very highly. They are of the original 25 which received first prize in the London exposition of 1852. Despite their 43 years they are quite spongy, having been kept in a sealed case. They are short and black, and the thickness is the same thoughout the cigar.

FIGHTING CHICKENS.

COCKING WAS A FAVORITE SPORT OF OUR ANCESTORS.

A Diversion Which In Its Early Days Had Not All the Cruelties That Now Accompany It—How the Cocks Were Trained In the Seventeenth Century.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Bourne called out against cock fighting as "a heathenish mode of diversion, which ought certainly to be confined to barbarous nations." By that time it had grown to be a hideous performance, such as we still see it practiced in the "sporting pictures" of 100 years ago, where the birds, provided with long steel spurs, stab one another to death in a pit, surrounded by a ring of leering old gentlemen in boots and breeches. But, difficult as it may be to realize the fact, in earlier times this was a pastime which shocked nobody and really was much less horrible than the Gregorian tradition presupposes.

Excellent old Gervase Markham, writing in the reign of James I, says, "There is no pleasure more noble, delightsome or void of cozenage and deceit than this pleasure of cocking is," and it was cultivated, with a perfectly clear conscience, by the first gentlemen of England. So important a place did cock fighting take among the amusements of the age that certain birds were as famous by name as any race horse is today, and Ladas himself is not a more universal celebrity than were, about 1610, the two celebrated cocks Noble and Grissell, whose names are handed down to us as those of "the two famousest cocks that ever fought." But perhaps a still wider reputation was enjoyed by a certain hen, whose name was Jinks, who became the mother of so many brilliant fighters that she was regarded at last with a sort of superstitious awe.

Extreme care was taken from the moment that the egg was laid to insure the health of what might turn out to be a valuable fighter. At a month old the young birds were censed every morning with burning rosemary or pennyroyal and then taken for a constitutional on a grass plot. Directly the comb appeared it was cut away and the scar constantly rubbed with butter. If the chicken crowed too soon he was cast out, for a good fighter never raised his voice till late in life. When a promising bird had been selected, no pains were spared with him; he was given strange and elaborate foods—cheeseparings, chopped leeks, toast sopped in wine. In short, no racer of our day is nourished and guarded more delicately by his fortunate owner.

The professional cockmasters preserved a great mystery about the dieting and lodging of a cock during the days which preceded a battle. Gervase Markham calls this "a secret never yet divulged, but kept close in the breasts of some few." Everything was believed to depend on these matters, and the tricks of the trade were jealously guarded. No doubt different cockmasters had different methods. The training exercise, however, was less secret. The bird was taken out of his pen after his morning meal and a pair of "hots," soft padded rolls of leather, were carefully fastened over the spurs. Another cock similarly protected was brought out, and the two birds, being set on a lawn of fine turf, were encouraged to fight and buffet one another until the prize cock showed signs of weariness. He was then taken up, deprived of his "hots" and buried in a basket of sweet straw, packed around him in such a way that he could scarcely stir, "and so shall he stew and sweat until the evening." This basket was called the "stove," and before the cock was put into it he was made to swallow a lump of chopped rosemary and pounded barley sugar mixed in butter.

Some amateurs liked to put their fighting cocks into a cockbag, but this was not held to be so efficacious as a "stove," because the air could not pass so freely through it. All the next day the cock rested, and on the following morning the cockmaster took him into a green inclosure. Then, putting him down on the turf, and holding some ordinary dunghill cock in his arms, the master showed it to him, ran from him, enticed him to follow, and occasionally allowed him to get a stroke at the dunghill bird. When thoroughly heated with this pastime the fighter was once more stuffed with butter of rosemary and then stoved in the basket of straw till the evening. This kind of training went on for six weeks, which was considered the proper time for training a cock, the last three days being spent in absolute rest and fasting, so that it was a fresh and hungry bird that was brought out at length into the pit. Now came the exercise of the real art of cock fighting—the proper relation of the fighters.

None of the incidental refinements which made eighteenth century cock fighting so cruel had occurred to the simplicity of the seventeenth. No additions were made to the armor of the birds—no metal spurs or needles fixed to their vigorous legs. All that was done was to clear decks for fighting—to cut off the long feathers of neck and tail, to clip the wings, to smooth and sharpen the beak and heels with a knife. It was important to leave no feathers on the crown of the head for the foe to take hold of, and then, after a final ceremony, when the cockmaster had licked the head and eyes of the champion all over with his tongue, the bird was turned into the pit to try his fortune. After the battle was over each combatant was tenderly taken up and his wounds were scoured. He was then put into his basket to recover, so wrapped in flannel and pressed down with straw that he could scarcely breathe, and thus left motionless for the night.—Realm.

The Great Undertaking of a Newly Formed Association.

The association which has been formed for the specific purpose of improving the American speech has entered a new and most important field. At a meeting of the society recently held in New York its objects were explained as including both the cultivation of the manner of utterance and the enrichment of the vocabulary of the people. They are to make "elocution, or expression in its broadest sense, one of the principal parts of education and to improve oral expression."

The American utterance, we regret to say, is usually bad. The speech of both men and women, even where their associations are actually or relatively refined, is apt to be harsh, nasal, flat and discordant. It seems ungracious to say it, but the truth compels us to confess that generally the feminine voices are the worst. They have not learned how to use the instrument of the human voice in ordinary conversation so as to get from it musical sounds. This does not apply to all parts of this country equally, of course, though there are few places where the voices of the majority of even refined women are sweet and attractive.

This evil has been attributed to our climate, but it is due rather to the surprising neglect of parents to pay any attention to the education of their children in a proper, graceful and correct speech. They allow them to grow up in ignorance of the art of managing their voices, though it could be taught to them with a far less expenditure of patience and money than is required for the instruction of a girl in piano playing. The art of elocution, too, has now been made more scientific. The principles on which correct speech depends are well settled. Yet parents will listen without protest while the children speak in utter defiance of rule.

This American Society For the Improvement of Speech has therefore an opportunity to earn the gratitude of the public by calling the attention of parents and of teachers to this deficiency in American education. Its further aim of seeking to cultivate the use of better language also entitles it to encouragement. The vocabulary of a great part of the people who imagine themselves to be well educated, college graduates, for instance, is poor and cheap. This country has advanced rapidly in scientific acquirement, particularly during the last generation, but the elegancies and refinements which this society is organized to promote are yet so far lacking that it has a wide field for its special cultivation.—New York Sun.

Queer Legislation.

One of the most remarkable bills of the session which became law was one which made it unlawful for imbeciles or insane or feeble minded persons or those who are deaf or blind to assume or maintain marital relations. After exempting the blind, deaf and dumb from the operation of the law the bill was passed and became chapter 825 of the public acts.

In looking it over later it was discovered that it would apply to persons already married provided they became afflicted with any of the troubles enumerated in the bill. On the last day of the session a supplementary bill was passed to remedy this blunder, so that the law will not apply to persons already legally married.—Hartford Times.

A Battle Scarred Cabin.

An interesting exhibit to be sent to the Atlanta exposition by the women of Cobb county, Ga., is the celebrated "battle scarred cabin" from the battlefield of Kenesaw Mountain. It is a plain log cabin about 20 feet square and was situated just behind the Confederate breastworks. It offered a good mark for some of Sherman's batteries and was bored in every part with shells and peppered with bullets, but did not take fire. There are over 80 clean holes through its walls made by Federal shells, and many hundreds of bullets are buried in the logs. The cabin is to be taken down and rebuilt in the exposition grounds.—New York Sun.

Michigan Marriage Law.

After Aug. 1 any Michigan girl under 18 years of age wanting to get married will have to get the written consent of her parents or have her intended husband get it for her. A new law going into effect on that date requires that such a document be filed with the county clerk before the marriage license may be issued.



Healthy, happy children are those whose mothers have been, and are, healthy. The best intentioned woman in the world will fall short of her duty to her children if she is worried and wearied with weakness and sickness. Most all irritable women are sick women. Most all melancholy, listless, languid women are sick women. Every woman who will take the trouble to notice, will find that at certain fixed periods she is nervous, cross, irritable and despondent. Any irregularity makes the conditions worse. Even a well woman is less amiable than usual at these times. What can be expected from a sick woman?

When every movement is a dreary drag, when the nerves are all on edge in sympathy with the particular ones affected—when it seems that death were very much preferable to living—what can a woman do for her children then?

It is every woman's duty to be well and healthy. There is no reason why she should be otherwise if only she will take proper care of herself and take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when she needs it.

This celebrated remedy has been used in the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., of which Dr. Pierce is Chief Consulting Physician and specialist, for over 30 years. Thousands of women have been cured by it and hundreds have written grateful letters.

Some of these letters are embodied in a 168 page book, called "Woman and Her Diseases," which will be sent sealed in a plain envelope on receipt of ten cents (stamps), by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

He Did Know Where He Had Been.

"Wall, Sam, its nigh onto tu months since Polly an' I left hum to travel a bit an' see a leetle of the worl'. We're glad to get back hum, yes we are, but land alive man, I hadn't no idee what there was to see afore.

Its mighty curus how a feller'l stay right in the same spot ye'r in an' ye'r out, an' 'magine he knows suthin 'bout whats goin on in the worl'.

I've seen many things Sam, many things, as has opened my eyes, since we left hum.

We went to the Yall'stone Park, an' actooly 'peers like I reely don't know yit if I've bin thar or not. Seems like I've bin dreemin.

They hev hills thar o' springs o' yaller water an' green, an' blue, an' pink, an' orange, an' they change the'r colors, a durin the day. Then thars a Golding Gate, between big mountins, whar the road is 'longside a vurticul presipis. An' the mountins, Sam, why these yer aint hardly hills, side o' them by Yall'stone Lake, aint even scarsly baby mountins.

Then thar are hot water rivers an' purtty near 'longside o' them cold water criks. The big Caniyon is nuff to par'lize a man. Polly did get scart an' held me back from tryin' to see it, but when she see all the other peeple go an' look at it she went 'long an' coodn't say nothin' she was so took back. Looks jes like some o' these big painter men had bin paintin' the sides o' the mountins.

But the Gisers, them got me. They're big fountins o' hot water, Sam, *hot water*, that squirt higher than our ol' fire engine kin, a blame sight. They're kinder skeery to an' ol' feller like me at first, an' blame me if Polly didn't faint plum away the first one she see. It was a whooper—one o' the big fellers, an' it come so sudd'n like she hadn't no time to git reddy fur it, but keeled right over; then she was all rite. Oh! but they wuz grand.

Them boilin' paint pots wuz the funniest things. Whop-whop they went—I kin most heer 'em now.

Yes, I guess I bin thar sure nuff an' taint no dreem arter all.

Yers a book 'bout it all Sam, that yo' kin reed ef yo' like. Or ef yo'll send to the Northern Pacific Railroad folks they'll send yo' one fer six cents in stamps—thars the man's name to send to, rite thar—CHARLES FEE. St. Paul, Minn., send him three cent stamps an' he'll send you one."

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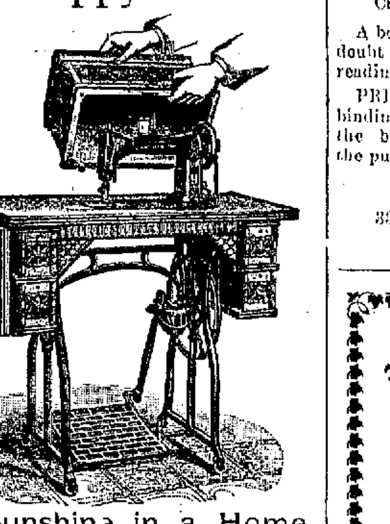
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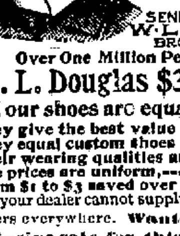
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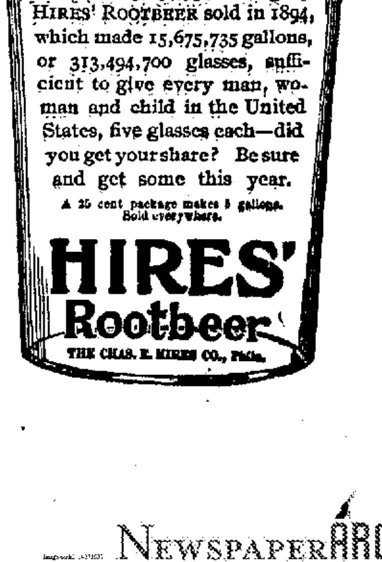
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